1 - 1933

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1933 | NUMBER 2

WHITTIER'S SNOWBOUND NEW ENGLAND. FROM AN ETCHING BY KERR EBY

Epitaph On Disaster

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES. By Richard Aldington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

THE advice old Scrope gave young Tony Clarendon might well serve as touchstone for the artistic attitude of their creator: "Don't be duped by general ideas and high-sounding abstractions. Travel, see the world, get to know what men are, work at something that interests you, fall in love, make a fool of yourself if you must, but do it all with gusto. That's the main thing—to live your life with gusto." If Mr. Aldington's fictional embodiment of this creed is almost as commonplace as the creed itself, neither the creed nor the valid emotion that went into his presentment of it are thereby invalidated. There are few men and fewer artists who have the emotional and physical energy to live up to this advice, but Mr. Aldington is one of them.

In his poetry, in his admirable translations, in his novel, "Death of a Hero," the author has borne consistent witness to a quality he possesses in high degree, a quality which those who do not possess it are accustomed to sneer at: passion. That his passion—for life, for what he believes to be the embodiments of truth and vital beauty—is frequently misdirected and results in a curious distortion of his materials does not minimize the sincerity of that passion by one jot. To the contrary, the reader of this novel will, on retrospection, discover that he has been carried, uncritically, through scenes of the purest melodrama, the feeblest sentimentality. That Mr. Aldington can so vitalize, by authentic emotional intensity, scenes which he has technically botched, confirms his importance as a writer, whether he elects to cast his passion in the mould of verse, short story, or novel.

Reared for twenty years in an atmosphere of culture, refinement, and gentility of manner, Tony Clarendon emerged from the war broken in body and spirit, and aware that the cords attaching him to his former life were severed. He had discovered, with many others, that the world was not all sweetness and light, that there was little place in it for a person of his stamp, who had no desire to form part of the economic machine, who possessed an almost superhuman sensitivity to those aspects of life which have no market value. That he should have been caught in the machine he despised was inevitable; that he finally escaped it by lifting himself by his bootstraps, was an augury of the

(*Continued on page* 17)

One of the New England Hierarchy

QUAKER MILITANT—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. By Albert Mordell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by HERVEY ALLEN

ALBERT MORDELL has provided us with a valuable reconstruction of the life of John Greenleaf Whittier. The benign and bearded face that looked upon the pupils in so many thousand American school rooms from the row of New England worthies on the wall now suddenly "steps" out of its frame to become the animated full length portrait of a militant and passionately motivated man.

The metamorphosis will be startling to a great number of people, for to the majority of us there can be no doubt but that Whittier has long lain embalmed as the author of "Snowbound" and associated with Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and others in a kind of vague critical confusion as a harmless, respectable, and rather bucolic poet of the safe New England school. The stirring story of his lifelong fight for the great cause of Abolition, in his day as unpopular as communism at present, the tale of his resolute struggles with poverty, politicians, and the smug literary conventions of his era have long been forgotten by all save a few students of his period. The frustrated and tragic, yet somewhat typical story of his loves and sentimental adventures has remained unknown. All these his new biographer has brought to the light of day so that what we get is a portrait of a human being that walks instead of a still-life in literary profile, which was the best that Professor George Rice Carpenter, the last biographer of the poet, was able to accomplish well over a quarter of a century ago.

Since then, for one reason or another, a great deal of material bearing directly or indirectly upon Whittier has become available. Space forbids enumeration of sources here, but Mr. Mordell's excellent preface, his teeming index, and above all his broad wealth of reference to the data of the period in the body of the text must leave any reasonable reviewer convinced of the ample basis and apt handling of his source material. There can be no hesitation in recommending this biography to both public libraries and private collections as a solid and ably arranged compendium of the facts about Whittier. On that side I think Mr. Mordell, if he does not positively triumph, at least notably excels.

(*Continued on page* 18)

The Negro's Pattern of Life

BY KENNETH BURKE

"RUN, LITTLE CHILLUN!" recently played at the Lyric Theatre in New York City, seemed to me a deeply impressive event within simple operatic outlines. I had not seen the play which may have been its prototype, "The Green Pastures," but I have read the cold words—and though they are fresh, and even sweet, I believe that "Run, Little Chillun!" is a richer work. The appeal of "The Green Pastures" may have arisen in part from the fact that, for all the honest pleasantness in its dialogue, it did contrive to exploit the old minstrel show conception of the Negro (naïve, good-natured, easily put upon) which would naturally provide an endearing symbol for the eliciting of White warmth. Nothing is so expansive as comfort—and such childlike fancies were highly comforting. By the "Green Pastures" picture of heaven, amusingly absurd in its anachronisms and solecisms, there was regiven, in brightly new symbolization, the old simplicity and innocuousness of the "Black-face" comedian. One could safely bestow one's love upon such essentially ineffectual foibles and imaginings. They had the lovableness of the incompetent.

Americans, driven by some deep competitive fear, seem to open their hearts most easily to such symbols of "contented indigence." Note how their darling comic heroes are all transparent, outspoken, ineffectual fellows, too scatter-brained to be dangerous, too prompt in tomfoolery for expertness in the grim ways of jockeying one out of a job or getting the better of one in a deal. Psychoanalysts used to situate the appeal of child stories for adults in the ability to "cary them back"—but literature is always carrying people somewhere or other, so maybe the carrying, rather than the regression, is the important factor. In any case, the child symbol is the symbol par excellence of innocence (innocentia: "harmlessness"; thence derivatively, "blamelessness"; thence, lo! "integrity"). And the Negroes of "The Green Pastures," with their heavenly clambakes, mildly disconsolate "Lawd," the incongruous Africanization of the Biblical legends, can carry one into a region of gentleness that is, in contrast with the harsh demands of our day, caressing.

We emphatically imply no censure of "The Green Pastures" in attributing much of its appeal to the tapping of such a vein. The feeling is honest—and any work that can manipulate symbols for arousing this feeling in us is honest. But the point may serve somewhat to account for the sluggishness of the general public's interest in "Run, Little Chillun!" as compared with the vogue of "The Green Pastures"—for the new play, written "from within," by a Negro, Hall Johnson, brings out an aspect of the Negro-symbol with which our theatre-going public is not theatrically at home: the power side of the Negro. One White playwright, Eugene O'Neill in "Emperor Jones," did partially stress this power emphasis, as distinct from the child-symbol Negro of the minstrel show tradition. But only as a kind of "powerful persistence in error." In "Run, Little Chillun!" one sees a Negro genius, an attractive positive ability, exemplified with a conviction, a liquidness, a sense of esthetic blossoming, and a gift for spontaneous organization which is capable, I believe, of actually setting the spectator a-quiver as he participates in the vocal and mimetic exhilaration taking place before him. No amusing picture of heaven here—nor "backward superstition" corrosively suggested by the unending nag of a drum-beat— but an insight, a well rounded biological pattern, a "way of life." And there was an impromptu integrative capacity as one might find it, laboriously planned, in the Prelude to Wagner's "Meistersinger," where the themes are ultimately welded together with such strength that the composer, in his triumph, grows martial, and the piece ends with the boastfulness of firmly coördinated marching men.

We shall concern ourselves mainly with the two choric scenes, which seemed to us soundly operatic, utilizing the characteristic operatic devices not as mere conventions, but as the correct resources for the attainment of the ends in view. We have perhaps come to think of opera as a vast set of semaphore signals for wig-wagging communications from the stage to the pit. The two choric scenes of "Run, Little Chillun!" restore our understanding of what the writer of "music-drama" must have intended: a kind of performance in which the visual and the auditory aspects of an event would be completely integrated, so that the tone of the voice and the flexions of the body would seem interchangeable.

There were many such integrated moments in "Run, Little Chillun!" Indeed, the second choric scene, which allowed for considerable improvizing beyond the specified trend of the plot, so combined the planned and the spontaneous as to offer the fullest opportunity for the workings of those hypnotic processes by which the cast, like migrating birds, could fall into a unity, and this unity in turn could absorb the spectators, precisely as one might, in observing the birds' movements, veer and deploy with them. The other choric interlude, the scene of the Baptist service, was a succession of these "one-

This Week

THE WAITING CITY
Reviewed by Meade Minnigerode

ALFRED MOND, FIRST LORD MELCHETT
By HECTOR BOLITHO
Reviewed by Wilbur C. Abbott

THIRTY FABLES IN SLANG
By GEORGE ADE
Reviewed by Constance Rourke

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF SAKI
Reviewed by Edith H. Walton

THE GOLDEN RIPPLE
By ALEC WAUGH
Reviewed by Tess Slesinger

AT THE SIGN OF THE LAME DOG
By R. H. MOTTRAM
Reviewed by Elmer Davis

MOSES ON LINOLEUM
By SULAMITH ISH KISHOR

NEWS REEL
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE FIRST WORLD WAR
A SYMPOSIUM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time" flashes, doubtless differently constituted with each performance. There are the typical experiences of the Faith: temptation, sinning, repentance, confession, redemption, elation—and for each of these experiences fixed phrases have arisen. In time, these phrases have been set to music, the spirituals. Accordingly, in the Baptist ceremony, as members rose to tell of their religious moments, they would naturally fall into these "technical expressions," the "nomenclature for a special science," whereupon the accompanying melodies would suggest themselves, so that bars of song popped forth here and there among the congregation to fit the half-spoken, half-chanted recitals—or at times when all converged upon the same phrase and melody, we had a choral number—and this process, the singling out of a particular spiritual from among the accompanying chaos of suggestions, was invigorating—it was like getting hold of great complexities, or perhaps it was like seeing little flowers come up out of the ground, swiftly grow big, and blossom, in less than a minute.

Negro voices have an almost orchestral range of timbres. They do not vary merely as ordinary tenor, soprano, bass, but as viola, 'cello, flute, horn. And the Negroes' interest in the non-recordable aspects of rhythmic and tonal subtlety leads them naturally into coördinations between the skeletal muscles and the voice which are beyond paraphrase. There were all kinds of miniature departures, permissible variations within the fixed theme of the plot. When the turbulent scene was abruptly reduced by the death of Sulamai to horrified rigidity, the patness of the device was found to have justified itself completely. One was made equally rigid—thereafter to ease gently from stoniness into something malleable, wholly pliant and submissive, as the members of the Baptist congregation softly joined the Voodoo plaint and the curtain descended.

I went away asking myself questions. For if the performance could leave one aglow, what dismaying event would come

[illegible]

true: if you are weary [illegible] intense exercising of your "motor imagery," with the soarings, brandishings, and interweavings in which you have "emphatically" participated, you may be rewarded by hearing the subway wheels grind out pure notes, in voices almost angelic. But that is a mere waywardness, making the city acceptable by a subterfuge. One is not quite at rest with his art unless he can feel it related to his environmental issues acquiescently, and not by some mere "elsewhere" quality relevant to our present life only in the sense that any evocation of far away things, in time or space, is somewhat of a corrective to too gloomy a view of the present.

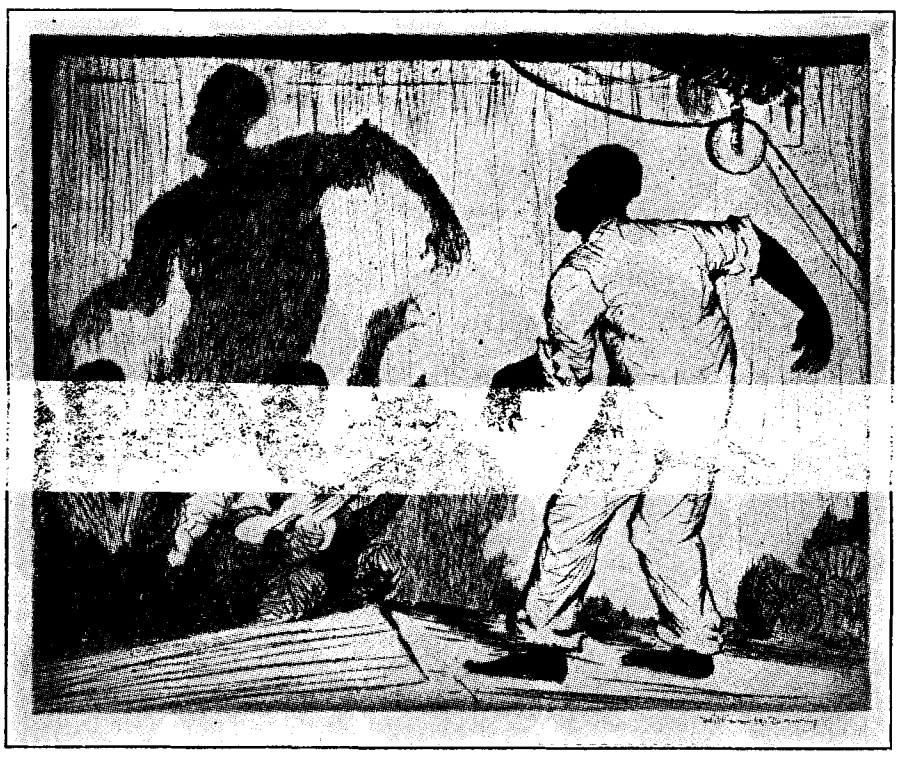
I had seen a cartoon by George Grosz. It was a picture of a New York street, with a clutter of shop signs extending over the pavement. As one looked along the street one saw them chaotically beckoning, each partially hidden by another, straining to get clear of the rest, vaguely and impersonally recommending something to whoever might pass. They were bunched together in a kind of frozen scramble—and they seemed to me the very opposite of this "folk drama" which had somehow got to Broadway, there to run for a month or two.

The situation seemed, roughly, this: I had been witnessing a work which revealed at times a remarkably complete kind of biological adaptation (for I hold sound art to be precisely that). Here were ways of shuttling indeterminately between bodily processes and their "spiritual equivalents" which could repeatedly provoke, under new guise, "internal-external correspondences" as correct as may be felt, say, in the Processional and Recessional of the orthodox service. Here was an emotional organization maintained by the suggestiveness of pronounced muscular and neural functionings. A "communion" took place, in front of us, by reason of an exhibitionism so genuinely felt as to eliminate the professional aspects of performance. This was vocation, not as a job, but as a calling—and I can imagine no more thorough integration than that of suddenly feeling "called" to do what one is in the act of doing. On the other hand, was it not biological fitness for an environment which had passed? It was a survival, existing vestigially from an era to which it had been accurately adapted—and it in no way seemed to "equip" one in the subtleties of the commercial ethic which had meanwhile slowly risen and spread itself throughout our thinking. Here was a type of organization which, when it flashed across to us, was far removed indeed from the kinds of knowledge that generally go with political organization or sales organization, the cooperative stressings which seem more apropos to our environment, as the struggle for life has changed into a struggle for livelihood. I do not mean that this vestigial insight absolutely unfits one for the commercial-competitive forms of understanding and exertion. I mean simply that a race gifted with such cultural emphasis is at a disadvantage when forced to fit this wholesome pattern to an environment peopled by a race whose imagery, training, and form of ambition are more accurately set for the acquiring of "success" by the new rules.

Where, then, do we find ourselves? A people have developed, and carried down from an agrarian past, an esthetic understanding which is complex, subtle, and gratifying, this emphasis tending naturally to promote concepts of the "good life" which turn attention and effort into channels to which the demands of commercial and financial conquest are almost wholly irrelevant. Then they are "cursed by a gift," "handicapped by an endowment," checked in the competitive struggle by a deeply imaginative pattern whose very fulness and satisfactoriness endangers its adepts under the shifting of the "environmental rules." So this mode of adaptation, inspiriting as it is, may be doomed to extinction, undermined by irrelevance. Already the "advance guard" of Negroes are teaching their suffering people to "organize" in ways more suited to these nasty times—and I am sure there is much in "Run, Little Chillun!" which they must consider with distrust, attempting to stamp it out of their people: it survives there, in its purity, only by reason of the poet's conscientiousness, which keeps him close to the roots of his folk-music. If they must "learn," they will learn, burying even these profound kinds of satisfaction thoroughly, until they have fitted themselves for forms of scheming more serviceable to our era, focussing their imagery accurately within the narrower range of purposes bounded on the right by anti-Marxian business and on the left by Marxian anti-business.

In the meantime, the Caucasians who have made the new rules find themselves with problems of their own. The thorough grasp of the commercial ethic, the complete specialization in ways of feeling, thinking, striving, and repressing which would best equip one to meet competitive demands of this sort, are found to have pledged them to ambitions which often make for emptiness as regards basic cultural or religious gratifications, and for a compensatory secular expansiveness which often involves them in deadly quarrels with one another. Thus, the White ethic seems also endangered, as equipping the individual by imaginative devices which menace both himself and his group.

I guess it is a sorry time. One hates to think that such insight as is evident in "Run, Little Chillun!" must be abandoned, as "unequal" to the tincans of the glorious present. Yes, we may confidently expect these Negroes, if they are plagued consistently enough, to cast aside their endowment from a directer past, developing instead a dry hysteria, a steely counter-running-amok, to match the hysterical running-amok of their starved and desolate competitors. It will be difficult to abandon ways so accurately attuned to the organism, so close to the orthodoxies of the body, but punishment enough will finally make them grin, and competent in grimness—be sure of it. Meanwhile, we have in "Run, Little Chillun!" a sample of the values they will lose—and perhaps we may even some day hope, should there be any of us left, to regain a skill in processes analogous to these. Perhaps after we have "gone all the way round the circle." And perhaps should there be any of us left, and with spirit enough to care whether we regained anything, we may console ourselves with the thought that in a repossession we shall be more soundly entrenched. We shall then possess not "vestigially," not with the instability of a mere "survival," but with the documentary warnings that come precisely of our having gone round the circle, the critical equipment accumulated from a rich store of error, so that we may be not merely "primitive," but "astutely" or "cunningly" so—whereat we might perceive a way of cultural (religious, esthetic) emphasis which no parched secular ambitions could ever again tempt us to abandon.



DANCING STEVEDORES. By William H. Drury
From "Contemporary American Prints" (American Art Dealers' Association)

Kenneth Burke, author of "White Oxen" and "Towards a Better Life," both books of fiction, and "Counter-Statement," a study of esthetic problems, was at one time music critic of The Dial.

Some Whom the Gods Destroyed

THE WAITING CITY. Translated by HELEN SIMPSON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by MEADE MINNIGERODE

THIS an abridged translation of a voluminous work setting forth the daily, and nightly, life of Paris during the period just prior to the French Revolution, compiled by Louis Sebastian Mercier. He was a playwright, a littérateur, a would-be philosopher. He almost continually had a chip of some sort on his shoulder; his whole life, the translator tells us, was "a series of quarrels and flights . . . he had a genius for contradiction, a nice wit, a habit of trailing his coat, a still more infuriating habit of shifting his ground . . . and like Beaumarchais . . . he lived dangerously on the edge of lawsuits and police displeasure."

For some reason—principally, perhaps, in order to be able to exercise his satire and propagate his republican philosophy—he undertook, with thousands of words, to set down everything that he knew about the city of Paris in all the physical, social, and moral aspects of its routine, as apprehended by him. The result, in twelve volumes, published from 1782 to 1788, was, so the translator explains it, "a written map, not only of the chief city of France, but of the character, diversions, grievances, and hopes of its citizens." It contained "much repetition, some rhetoric, a deal of fine writing for fine writing's sake, and such extremes of style as to make it appear that half a dozen writers at least must have collaborated to compose the book."

The present abridgement, omitting many thousands of words of rhetoric, description, repetitions, and fuss over long forgotten acrimonies, assembles a great quantity of miscellaneous information and local color concerning every subject under the sun, from men midwives to cows. The re-

[illegible] the table of contents. It even repays a less purposeful examination, for in it a reader seeking entertainment will find such joyous items as that recording the fact that ladies of high degree, coming to see a play from a box, brought with them their dog, their candles, and their chamber pot.

One is not so impressed, somehow, by the philosophy or the profundity of observation. Mercier was a pen pusher who recorded everything that he heard, making generalities of exceptions with the deliberate exaggeration of satire, and whom his contemporaries considered a most voluminous liar.

What strikes one more than anything else, perhaps, is the reflexion that if a Mercier of today were to put forth a similar work on New York, or London, or that same Paris, the result would prove very insipid and colorless beside the hurly burly of life in Mercier's time. It must have been fun to be in the streets in Mercier's city—dirty, and inconvenient, and dangerous, and very amusing; bursting with vigor, lively with bright movement, rollicking with fantastic foibles. And what Mercier could not see, but what his notes on society and fashion betray, was the hysteria which already had them all whirling like leaves before an oncoming tempest.

Whom the Gods wished to destroy, they were first making mad.

Marigolds

By PADRAIC COLUM

BRING marigolds to me out of your garden;
The days are darkening and the suns are low:
Like fervencies in honest hearts enkindled
Your marigolds will glow!

As golden as the simples that are gathered
A-down the slopes that reach Hesperides,
And yet familiar as the name they honor—
The name of Mary, these!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the Conquerors

ALFRED MOND, FIRST LORD MELCHETT. By Hector Bolitho. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT

IT has now been ten years, almost precisely, since, amid a mass of such variegated business as presses upon the House of Commons—Unemployment Insurance, Imperial Economic Conference, Housing, Peace Treaties, Middle Eastern Services, as it happened that day—there took place a famous debate on the capitalist system. On the one hand Mr. Snowden moved "That, in view of the failure of the capitalist system . . . this House declares that legislative effort should be directed to the gradual supersession of that system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution." To this the subject of the present biography, then Sir Alfred Mond, moved an amendment to the effect that "the abolition of private interest in the means of production and distribution would impoverish the people and aggravate existing evils" and that "far-reaching measures of social redress may be accomplished without overturning the present basis of society."

The debate which followed is a landmark in the history of the House of Commons, and that Sir Alfred Mond had much the best of it no one has questioned then or since. In the course of that debate Sir Alfred observed:

> It is now nearly fifty years since two young men got to know each other in business. With the very little money they had saved, they decided to start a new enterprise. Their capital was very insufficient; their optimism very great. They adopted a process entirely unknown in this country . . . they fought and struggled, and they founded that very concern . . . which has given employment and looked after its workmen for something like fifty years . . . an enterprise which could never have been commenced under any socialist system I have ever known . . . Those men were my father and the late John Brunner. They did not work eight hours a day, but thirty-six hours on end without stopping. They created work for themselves; they created works where thousands of people have been employed.

On this subject, and on the author of these words, Mr. Bolitho has written a readable, informing, and entertaining volume. It is a great romance of business, how from humble beginnings the great house of Mond rose in three generations—almost, in fact, in one—to be what it has become in the world of finance and industry. It is a most illuminating book, partly in what it says and partly in what it must, perforce, leave out. It has to do not only with the great partnership of Brunner, Mond, but with the still greater organizations which grew from it. Most of all it has to do with the public career of Lord Melchett, with the Liberal party and Lloyd George, and, unconsciously, it helps to explain much in the career of each. It is strikingly written; were it not for certain tendencies in modern biography, one might be tempted to say that it was somewhat overwritten. It has at times the flavor of a biography done to order, written, as it were, to please the family. It leaves much unsaid which one would like to know. It strives valiantly to picture a gentle, sensitive soul of one who did not, on its own confession, appear either gentle or sensitive to his own contemporaries. It has what might be called an extraordinary epilogue—the reversion to Zionism of Lord Melchett in his last years. And it leaves the strong impression that Lord Melchett was, like his father, a most remarkable man, who deserves, and doubtless may achieve in time, a Life which does full credit to his strength, to his ability, even to that characteristic which to his generation seemed ruthlessness.

For he represented in most of their aspects and characteristics what George Meredith once chose as the title for a novel. He was distinctly "One of Our Conquerors"; and conquests, like revolutions, are not made with rosewater. With all the good-will in the world on the part of the author, with all his talents as a biographer, the character of Lord Melchett and his achievement is stronger than its presentation; but, reading between as well as through Mr. Bolitho's pleasantly written lines, this is not a volume which a discerning reader will lay down till he has finished it.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard University.

Turning the Joke on the American

THIRTY FABLES IN SLANG. By George Ade. New York: Arrow Editions. 1933.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE M. ROURKE

IT'S not for nothing that the opening chapter of one of George Ade's earliest collections, "Doc Horne," begins with some unobtrusive tall talk about the Mississippi flood of 1857. Doc himself is a character out of the early era of American humor. Perhaps in the passage of time between the fifties and the nineties something of the old air of large bravura has been dissipated. The louder overtones are gone. Doc was a quiet, sensitive old liar. But the mark of American lineage was upon him in the ease with which he sank into the long groundswell of the monologue, and his companions in the dreary reception hall of the Alfalfa European Hotel in Chicago were also in the direct line—the race track man, the lush, the

ILLUSTRATIONS ON THIS PAGE ARE BY PEGGY BACON FOR "THIRTY FABLES IN SLANG"

actor. Only the lightning dentist suggests a half century of progress.

In the considerable range of his writing there is hardly a subject or a manner belonging to the older native humor that George Ade did not adapt to his own uses. By means of monologues "Artie" makes its erratic progress, well suited to the sporting hero. "Pink Marsh" is a corner of a minstrel show. "In Pastures New" is built upon that contrast between the American and the European (favoring the native) toward which our humorists have perpetually gravitated. The twin pattern of the rude American breaking into society was an equal favorite with Ade. And if you are a sampler of special flavors you will be able to distinguish the quality which reveals him as a Hoosier, belonging to a tradition that includes the dry and classic tale of the Hoosier and the salt-pile, and is subtly different from the humor that burgeoned in Illinois, Missouri, or Tennessee.

But it is never enough to belong to a tradition, and Ade took a direction of his own. From the rowdy days of the "b'hoy" in New York the city had often been made a locale for humor, but the characters had almost consistently been the immigrant newcomers—the Irishman, the German, the Jew—and the joke was in their comical, their unbelievable, differences from us. Ade turned the tables. The joke, growing more and more drastic, was on the native-born American of sufficiently established lineage, and instead of using the city as a mere backdrop as had been done in the earlier sketches, Ade evoked it with skepticism. "Doc Horne," "Pink Marsh," and "Artie" all bear the sub-title, "A Story of the Streets and Town," and they all reveal newness, chaos, discomfort, isolation. Their people have only a toe-hold in the city; they are to be seen at lunch counters, around shoe-shining chairs, amid the social life of barber shops, or in the comfortless purlieus of the European Alfalfa. The more picturesque half of the name has significance; their country origins are often reminiscently suggested. These people were part of the long and aimless drift away from the farm into a rude, inhospitable scene, and the underlying humor, rather gently created, lies in their efforts to communicate and settle down.

The joke on the native-born was sharply pressed home when Ade began to inspect urban life in a concentrated form—in the transmuted village. He framed the fables to enshrine its people, using the form as a container for their antics away from home as well, and occasionally for such morbid purposes as laying bare the bones of an alumni banquet. For years his attention to the main subject was unremitting; and those who consider that Americans are cheerful about themselves to the point of imbecility might well consider the cutting edge which he employed, and the immense popularity of the fables as they were circulated in newspapers and assembled in books. No one could have missed their effect. Ade often resorted to the bludgeon. The fables can be construed as one long fable about the Respectable Front. Over the distance of years it may be possible to think of the crude flights of flowery ambition and pretense as efforts to build up a pattern of social existence where all was barren, but Ade emphasized the aridity of these efforts, and he consistently attacked the underlying economic ambition—in the fable of the pious local loan shark who demanded that the right eye be laid on the table before the deal was finished, in that of the pseudo-millionaire who ran a shoestring up to a national bank, in that of the generalized figure who "double-crossed his Partners and whipsawed his Customers, and bluffed his way into the Strongholds of Finance." "Do not mistrust this Tale," Ade says, "for every buccaneer from Broad Street, N. Y. to the St. Francis Bar at the Golden Gate was once a Poor Boy with Store Clothes on his Back and Grand Larceny in his Heart." The scope of the delineation was greatly widened by Ade's use of the abstract type—the Poor Boy, the Honest Money Maker, the Roystering Blades—and his indictment was clinched by the final aphorism. From Emerson to the lowliest wisecracker the aphorist has had a ample course of popularity with us. A used the form adroitly, most often in ha statement like the step that isn't there, precipitate the reader, floundering pe haps, into social criticism. And he kep these effects on a thoroughly intimate level—"Knocking the Neighbors."

George Ade had seized his subject at an essential moment. Even the dullest adventurer knew by the end of the nineties or the early nineteen hundreds that the call of the frontier was over. With its glitter gone, Americans could now view the results of their conquest. The average small town could be seen for what it was, an accidental piling up of flimsy houses, a crisscross of sandy streets. Even the second growth of trees had not yet sprung up in the newer places to give a blur of green to the harsh contours of cutover land; and some of the human elements that appeared were not altogether pretty.

Inevitably the new survey took on the shapes of humor—a more sardonic humor than had appeared heretofore. Nearly every aspect of our observation has first been accompanied by a laugh. And, whether you take it or leave it for its own sake, our humor has steadily uncovered subjects which more or less serious writers have appropriated and developed George Ade signalized and perhaps helped to create a genuine turn in theme and attitude, and his originality should be stressed in relation to those who came after him. His books contain many a brief passage that could be inset in the writings of Sinclair Lewis with no discernible joinery. "Main Street" and "Babbitt" are solid, fresh enlargements of some of his basic themes. With their brevity and conversational tone, their focus of the village, their penetration of the Respectable Front, the fables formed a prelude for "Spoon River." Ade's manner in detail has become almost an American stereotype. His early portrayal of a quick lunch counter has been rewritten with a hundred different subjects. Even his mixture of satire with a nostalgia for some of the older forms of American life has been continued. In Ade as well as in Lewis, Masters, and others this nostalgia has often produced an odd division in the midst of the satiric drive. The whole survey is not yet finished and may at present be taking other turns, but Ade's bias toward economics was also prophetic, and must be linked with that of Norris and Dreiser.

Peggy Bacon has lifted the curtain on the aggregate of Ade's work in her drawings for the "Thirty Fables," with a fresh and witty commentary of her own. McCutcheon chose to render Ade's use of abstraction precisely. Peggy Bacon has seen the wealth of comic detail unobtrusively scattered through Ade's writings, and has used this or suggested it. Where McCutcheon drew types, she has revealed characters that lie within types, and she can be as unsparing as Ade himself in revealing the empty countenance—as of the Peach. On the whole this collection contains some of the less biting examples

'ables and reflects touches of Ade's
nilder humor. Here is a lit
h its own stylistic values—t
l the villagers, even when t
of a larger place. Peggy Baco
of the Four-Flush Drummers in
he Occidental hotel is as true as
e individual characterizations, and as evocative of the small town. She keeps Ade's stress upon the bewildered and hapless victim, nowhere better than in the drawing of the tired worker who understood Free Silver and was the father of a caddy. There is also the shop-girl showing hats to the Peach. In the end a small population appears, and though Peggy Bacon is more various than the Ade of the fables

the two continue to meet throughout the book on the ground of a candid colloquialism.

* *

Constance M. Rourke, who was at one time an instructor in English at Vassar, is the author of "Trumpets of Jubilee," a volume of biographical sketches, "Troupers of the Gold Coast," and "American Humor—A Study of the National Character."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. *Assistant Editor*

GEORGE STEVENS
WILLIAM ROSE BENET
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 2.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1933, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Squaring the Circle

"Bottom rail on de top," as the old darkey used to say. The bicycle, discarded these many years, is having its mild day again. Symbol of freedom to a generation now grown middle-aged, it is being revived by their children in virtue of necessity. The contrivance which once drew young and old from the home by the thousands is being restored to favor precisely because the depression has rendered impossible the automobile tours, the restaurant dining, the theatre and movie going which, stemming from the ease of locomotion it engendered, had become so general a feature of American life in the piping times of prosperity. Mr. James Truslow Adams, writing a few years ago in *Harper's Magazine* of the bicycle, ascribed to the "wheel" an impressive part in that metamorphosis by which family life in the United States evolved from a domestic gathering around the student lamp to the disintegrated dispersal to country clubs, movies, and cabarets which had become the order of the day by 1929. The "safety," he said, had driven the entering wedge into the solidarity of the family circle and incidentally substituted commercial amusements for the pursuits of the fireside. A book no longer sufficed as entertainment for the evening; parents as well as children had discovered a mobility of motion which made a variety of social diversions easily attainable, and one and all, they rode blithely off to find distraction.

They were mild, to be sure, those diversions, in the beginning—visiting the neighbors, cycling to the drugstore for soda, pedalling out to the suburbs for picnics or beer and sandwiches at a roadhouse. Unsophisticated, bucolic days, how tame they seem to the present generation. One crowded hour of hurried life in the present can easily yield, what with autos and radio and motion picture, more varieties of titillation than a week of industrious bicycling would normally have encompassed. It is quite true that the multiplicity of opportunities for entertainment has shattered the sedentary inclinations of the family. Or at least, it was true until the collapse of the market in 1929. Now we have perforce to turn again to the home for diversion since once more expenditure is a thing carefully to be considered instead of recklessly to be indulged in. Parlor games are back, if charades and anagrams and picture puzzles are any indication. Books are back, if the figures of librarians and circulating libraries are evidence. The student lamp (only it is an electric lamp now) to a certain extent has been reinstated.

But has the slower tempo of the nineties been recaptured? Has restlessness not fed upon its recent habit of gratification until sitting at home has acquired the air of a dreary virtue rather than a pleasure? Not only what men do but the mood in which they do it counts. If the student lamp is to symbolize anything more than lassitude it must gather about it not restive souls but minds quick to its pleasures of conversation and reading and intimate, friendly intercourse. It must substitute for the urge to be up and doing the habit of finding lack of excitement exciting. We are geared today to working under pressure and to counteracting work by feverish activity. If the new economic dispensation has its way we shall have more hours of leisure in the future. How to make that leisure interesting without constant reliance upon external stimulus will be one of the problems of the morrow. Men will be forced again to rely upon their own resources for mental and spiritual satisfaction, upon friendship, and books, and home diversions.

All the agencies of the home and the community that make for a richer and fuller life will need the most careful nursing, the most enlightened direction. For it is of no use to bestow the boon of leisure upon society unless at the same time the means to its sane and constructive enjoyment is to be available. If leisure is to imply idleness and vacuity, then nothing will be gained from it. But if it is to mean opportunity for physical and mental improvement, there is no telling to what lengths it may bring our society in the course of time. It has frequently been said that the splendid achievements of classical days rested upon the fact that a slave class released time for intellectual pursuits to those more fortunately placed. Now we are within sight of a period when every individual should have leisure for the exercises of the mind. Who can tell what flowering of national literature, and art, and beauty in general the added hours of freedom may produce?

Many Facetted City

Appearances are deceptive. There is a point from Long Island in which New York City, all its towers and battlements from the Battery to Harlem, swims against the sky like some city of dreams, tranquil, silent, beautiful. Here no roar of the pavements breaks the illusion of peacefulness, no ugliness of electric display signs, skeletons in the daylight, thrusts across the view, no shabby, out-at-elbows buildings, survival of an earlier period, belittle the dignity of aspiring skyscrapers. Like some figment of the imagination the scene rises and is gone. Elusive as the distant view, is the real city. How many a writer, striving to catch its turbulence, its ferocious sordidness doing battle ever with its compelling magnificence, has laid down his pen defeated in the effort. It is too vast for compression, like those Alpine peaks or wide reaches of the Grand Canyon which defy the painter's brush. The best that writers have so far done with it is to depict a few of its many aspects, giving a hint of its beauty here, a glimpse of its drabness there. Perhaps with a great city, as with a landscape, no true reproduction lies within the realms of possibility. But what a million themes lie awaiting the novelist's hand in its microcosm of the world, what a plentitude of piquant detail to decorate his tale!

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

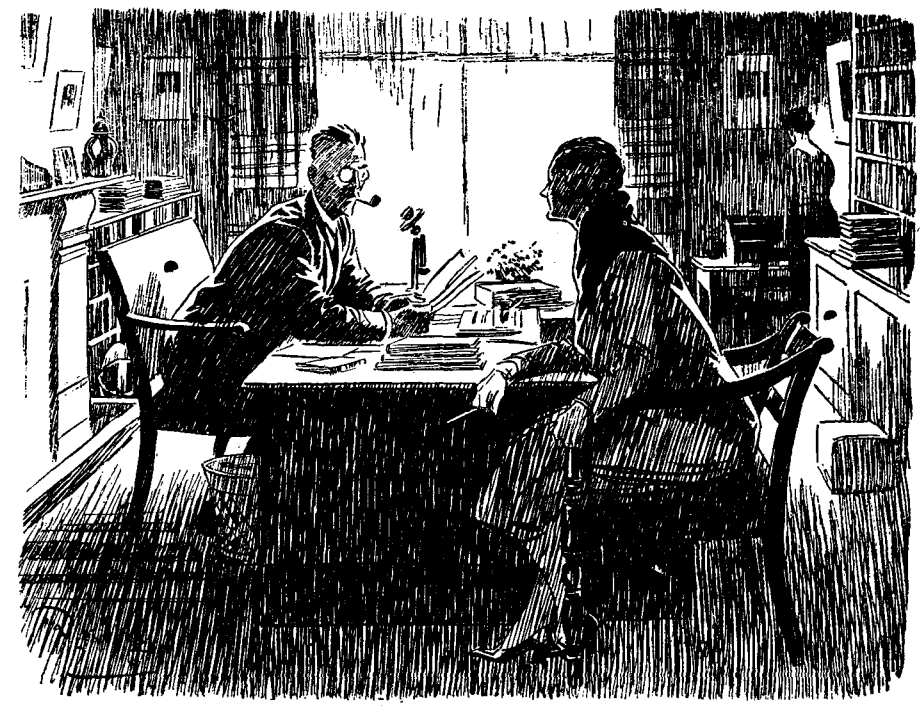
QUAKER MILITANT. By ALBERT MORDELL. *Houghton Mifflin.* A biography of John Greenleaf Whittier.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Doubleday, Doran.* A novel depicting the post-war demoralization of spirit.

CONGO SOLO. By EMILY HAHN. *Bobbs-Merrill.* Experiences at a medical post in the Congo.

This Less Recent Book:

LOLLY WILLOWES. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. *Viking.* A charming fantasy.



"OF COURSE YOU KEEP A COPY OF EVERY BOOK YOU PUBLISH?"
"IN SOME CASES, THOUSANDS." *Courtesy of Punch*

To the Editor: *Speaking of Incubator Babies*

Movie Backfire

Sir: Miss Leane Zugsmith's review of my book, "Our Movie-Made Children," shows evidence of either mistaking the object and the thesis of the book, or else of insufficient attention to the statements and implications of the facts uncovered by the massive research upon which the volume is based. The book is not an analysis of the defects of present-day civilization, but of one important factor in it—the miscellaneous, unsupervised hodge-podge of movies to which our children are freely and, perhaps, dangerously exposed.

Your reviewer evidently has failed to grasp that where the retention upon the part of a child or adolescent in the case of movie scenes and patterns is 70 to as high as 110 per cent, and the retention of text-book content is, say, 30 per cent, the movie patterns, by virtue of their vividness and dramatic force, abide for a long time and perhaps permanently, to the disadvantage and possibly to the exclusion of the fainter impacts of books, the home, and the teachings of the school. We know that many a highly dramatic and vivid experience in life is remembered permanently when many more normal happenings are forgotten. The consequence is that an average of fifty-two movies a year constitutes a supplementary system of education and may well overshadow much that has been learned in a year's schooling or even in a year's living and be retained for a much longer time. And therein lies the menace.

Your reviewer is also mistaken in her assertion that "we find no complaint . . . when the boy chooses a jaunty gangster as his hero and the girl an alluring loose lady as her heroine." My book is not meant to be a complaint but a statement of alarming facts. She will find such facts on p. 39 *et seq.*, and from Chapter IX on, *passim*, throughout the book, she will find a wealth of consequences to the youth of America in misconduct, delinquency, and crime as the results of such a choice of patterns.

Again and again, the distortion of life as presented by the movies is pointed out in the book, and if she believes that the backfire of a car or the siren of an ambulance will in any way compare in effect on a young city child with the harrowing scenes of a "Dr. Fu Manchu," a "King Kong," or a "Frankenstein," she has simply failed to read correctly the results of the research. A boy in an area of high delinquency doubtless learns much in the streets, in the poolrooms, or where you will, but it is the vivid dramatic picture of a "Little Cæsar" that will coördinate and vivify his gleams of knowledge and, often, focus them to the point of delinquent or criminal activity with dire results.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN.

Fortunate Above Most

Sir: Did you note that "only" in the ninth line from bottom of Inner Sanctum ad for June 24th? "God's Angry Man" has sold "only" 5,841 copies? What a pang there is in that little word for hundreds of hard-sweating novelists of this fiction-reading America! Wouldn't they give their eye-teeth to have their books sell 5,841 copies? I'll say they would.

East Village, Conn. WEBB.

It May Be Dynamite

Sir: I am editing all of G. Bernard Shaw's views about America into a little volume with Shaw's permission and assistance. Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina and Shaw's authorized biographer, is writing the introduction to the book—or, rather, has promised to write the introduction.

"The difficulty will be to present what I have written about America in its just balance with what I have said about England and other nations," Shaw advised me in a recent letter. "Taken by itself it would confirm all the worst resentments of the 100% Americans. A good deal will depend on how you handle the subject."

Mr. Shaw has suggested the inclusion of his two plays about Americans, "The Devil's Disciple" and the "Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet," in the book since they reflect his attitude toward America to no small extent.

I shall be glad to hear from any one possessing letters, manuscripts, or other material in which Shaw expresses himself about America in general, things American, and American personalities.

M. B. SCHNAPPER.

Mount Airy Road, Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

A Pox on Economics

Sir: With reference to your editorial, "Platitudes," may I remarks that, to those people who view the workings of man *sub specie æternitatis*, your statements are echoes of personal sentiments. Almost without exception, the leading national periodicals, including the literary, have "gone economic" to such an extent that whatever pretense to balance of judgment and to poise of intellect they may have made, is shown to have been spurious. Personally, I could wish that all periodicals publishing leading articles on economics would taste of the fruits of bankruptcy. "Inflation or Bust!"—Where is the *specie æternitatis?* And editors might put this question to themselves: Isn't the belabored reader about ready to relish values other than economic values? Even self-interest has its limits, especially when it becomes over-complex. I would like to subsidize (a good economic word) some editor to relegate articles on economics to an inside page where they belong and to give some of his important places to articles on the fight between a spiritual romanticism struggling to be reborn and a Swiftean realism which is now chirping occasionally.

JOHN N. OLDHAM.

Memphis, Tenn.

It Rhymes with A

Sir: In your issue of June 3 you print a letter from Mr. Clarence Stratton on the pronunciation of the name Plato. Mr. Stratton solemnly avers that the "pronunciation in British" as he is pleased to call our method of speaking English, is "Ply-to" with a long *i* to rhyme with pie.

It would be almost as absurd for me to say that the pronunciation in American of the world girl is "goil." Surely Mr. Stratton must know that only Cockneys and some Australians pronounce the word play to rhyme with pie.

T. S. FAIRLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mayfair Wonderland

THE COMPLETE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF SAKI (H. H. Munro). New York: The Viking Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON

CERTAIN authors inspire an intimate, partisan allegiance. To slight them is to inflict a personal injury. No genuine devotee of Dickens—of the type that can map Mr. Pickwick's wanderings and distinguish one Fezziwig from another—will tolerate criticism of his idol. Neither, in our day, will any admirer of Saki. As a matter of fact, criticism of Hector Munro is usually confined to a lifting of eyebrows at his cruelty, his malice, his essential inhumanity. That he attained a kind of perfection in his own exquisite vein of wit is seldom questioned by anybody. When one has been so prodigally amused, so enchanted by each sly felicity of phrase, how can one pause to weigh and dissect?

Like Dickens, Saki invented a world wholly his own. Like Dickens again, he is unique and irreplaceable. (That this accounts for the partisanship in both cases is possible but unproven.) The characteristics of his Mayfair wonderland are by this time so familiar that they scarcely require a summary. His world is one of London parties and country week ends. It is populated, chiefly, by elegant, impish young men who feed on plover's eggs and aspic, who are incredibly mendacious, and whose ingenuity is employed on the devising of pranks and hoaxes. Banded with these Reginalds and Clovises are insolent old duchesses, malevolent children, and wits and trouble makers of all breeds. The dull and the worthy—above all, the bore—are fair game for this crew. They have no mercy for stupidity, and they demolish it whenever it crosses their hunting ground with heavy tread.

Sketchy as it is, this is the surface impression which one gleaned from the volume of collected short stories which the Viking Press published some three years ago. There were, to be sure, hints for more fundamental traits in Saki's character. It was obvious that his allegiance belonged wholly to the pre-war aristocratic tradition—that he admired even when he mocked. To be poor, humble, mediocre was evidently a kind of crime in his eyes, and plainly he was a snob, even though an engaging one. At the same time he was too intelligent and too cynical not to perceive the reverse side of the aristocratic virtues, and the vapidness of the society whose child he was. For all his arrogance, there was a note of real bitterness in such stories as "The Mappined Life"—evidence that Saki was, at heart, something less comfortable than a light-hearted and irresponsible humorist.

The Viking Press has now collected the novels and plays of H. H. Munro into a second omnibus volume. They are considerably less brilliant than the short stories but, on the whole, more revealing. In his two novels, "The Unbearable Bassington" and "When William Came," one finds the same shimmering epigrams, the same verbal adroitness, the same flights to insouciance. In both, however, the core is tragedy—and this blending of seriousness and flippancy produces a hollow effect. One is less ready to abandon ordinary values and submit to Saki's special perverse magic. Both books, also, betray him as more of a sentimentalist, and more a typical product of his class and its prejudices, than one might have expected from a writer so gay, stinging, and invulnerable.

"When William Came"—first published, curiously enough, in 1913—is a prophetic fantasy of an England vanquished by German arms. The disaster occurred, ostensibly, though lack of adequate military preparation, and suddenly one is confronted with a Saki who wears the guise of a bellicose jingo, who hymns with almost florid fervor the glories of British imperialism and the delights of English hedges and hunting fields. His satirical chastisement of a social world which submitted supinely to Hohenzollern domination rather than sacrifice its petty vanities and pleasures is as searing and effective as one could ask. Nevertheless there are disquieting undercurrents in the book for anyone who had previously thought of Saki as clear-eyed, aloof, and urbane.

"The Unbearable Bassington" has been very highly praised, and the desolately tragic quality of its final chapters is a byword with Saki fans. How tragic is it really? Comus Bassington is one of the typical Saki playboys, an unfortunate, embittered Clovis. He is estranged from his mother, and ultimately destroyed, by his own wilfulness, recklessness, and irresponsibility. On the eve of his enforced exile to Africa, where he dies of fever, he realizes that in leaving the gay, chattering, idle world of London society he is leaving everything that makes life worth living to him. On his death, his mother realizes that she has sacrificed her son, whom she genuinely loved, in exchange for the sterile delights of exquisite worldly possessions. This is tragedy of a sort, perhaps, but where the protagonists are so empty and so worthless, how can one feel deep concern? Comus Bassington's real tragedy lay in his scheme of life and not in his relinquishing of it. Had Saki appeared to be more aware of this, his tale might have driven home.

As to the rest of the volume, there is less to say. "The Westminster Alice" is a very clever parody of Lewis Carroll which falls somewhat flat because so many of its references to Boer War politics are now meaningless or obscure. "The Watched Pot," a three-act play, bristles with bon mots and epigrams which are, at times, too reminiscent of Oscar Wilde. It is highly diverting, but it is rather long drawn out and it cannot compare with the best of the short stories. The two morbid and melodramatic playlets are negligible and not particularly characteristic.

Even if one is not an unqualified champion, it is difficult to begrudge Saki praise. What he did, he did superbly. He was a great wit, not a clown, and the brittle, frivolous, arrogant society which he pictured corresponds more importantly with reality than the surface absurdities of his work may indicate. One should be allowed to remember, however, that he had his weaknesses—that he was half-deceived by the very things he satirized, that his values were lamentably askew, that he lacked generosity and pity and warmth. To remember this is not to forswear delighted appreciation of his humor and his charm.

The Lord and the Pub

AT THE SIGN OF THE LAME DOG. By R. H. Mottrom. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. MOTTRAM is a talented novelist .but a bad showman He starts off very slowly, and the debauched readers of an age which does not always take its novels on trust may give up before they get very far in. Which would be a pity, for "At the Sign of the Lame Dog," once you get into it, is a thoroughly admirable piece of work. A novel with a limited objective, it attains that objective with great competence and economy; never exciting, it never loses a deep conviction of reality both in the people and in the setting.

"The Lame Dog" was a public house in eastern England whose proprietor, Earl Barningham, gave most of his time and virtually all his enthusiasm to the art of horse trading. The story deals with his fortunes and those of his children from the end of Victoria's reign to the nineteen twenties when Barningham's daughter turned the "Lame Dog" into an antique shop and the pasture lots were subdivided into a suburban real estate development. At the beginning England is still feudal; the Barninghams and their kind, no less than their inferiors, feel the proper respect for his Lordship in the Hall, but they expect him to perform certain duties toward his people, not the least of them being to permit the lower classes to overcharge him for horses, and generally to overreach him in various ways rigidly limited by tradition. At the end traditions are dead or dying, the local aristocracy has forgotten its duties; and worst of all, a younger generation of vassals, uninterested in anything but motorized motion, no longer cares. Mr. Mottram depicts this transition (wisely skipping the war period completely) with great skill; and he has accomplished a further feat that is tolerably rare in a modern novelist—all his characters, major and minor, are alive; yet they are all fairly likable and decent people.

Sharlie's Story

DAUGHTER TO PHILIP. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Alfred A Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

MRS. SEYMOUR begins her latest novel with one of the neatest, most unobtrusive murders in modern fiction. Philip Stratton, wearied of his invalid wife, maddened by her refusal to quietly divorce him so that he might marry the mistress whom he could not bear to lose, and quite aware of his wife's acute heart disease, impulsively frightens her to death by shamming suicide. But this is not a shilling shocker for on this secret, unapprehendable murder the author bases a structure of complex emotional relationships, involving Philip's second marriage to luscious, easy-going Fanny, and the successive waves of love and dislike for his daughter Sharlie. It is really Sharlie's story, for Fanny's careless good temper remained quite untouched by Philip's overwhelming passion, tinctured at intervals with a sickening sense of guilt, and even by his jealousy and gradual disillusionment, whereas Sharlie, loving him intensely, suffered acutely from her father's moods and rebuffs. Daughter of the dead Alex, she resembled her too closely for Philip's peace of mind, and her innate dignity and calm self-possession were always an affront to his idea of the feminine.

Pitched in a lower, less intense key than the recent "Maids and Mistresses" or the tragic "But Not For Love" this is, if not deeply stirring, a quietly absorbing story. Its convincing characterization and even balance emphasize again Mrs. Seymour's propensities for careful workmanship and thoughtful consideration of human personalities.

Epitaph On Disaster

(*Continued from first page*)

fact that he had not been totally destroyed by the war and its subsequent transvaluation of values. He gave up his sinecure of a job, his social-climber of a wife, the respect of his circle of "friends" to return, in all essentials, to the boy whom the war had caught at twenty and devitalized. He found, after years of search and final discouragement, the girl he had loved before the war and thought lost forever; she

RICHARD ALDINGTON
Courtesy of Yevonde

alone, of all his associations with his youth, remained a constant in a world that had been shattered.

The simple plot of this love story is sentimentality with a vengeance, though wrought of the imperishable truths of life. Mr. Aldington has not been afraid to display this sentimentalism, has even made a parade of it, in defiance of the hard-boiled, the blasé, and the sophisticated, of whose social postures and speech his protagonist says:

> It's the accepted jargon, and one is supposed to assume that under this light mask terrific emotions are seething. A sort of jesting with a broken heart, or smiling with the eagle at your liver, or joking when you're crazy with love. I don't believe in it myself, and I don't believe there's anything under the surface but what's on top.

This might well be the final word and epitaph upon the post-war demoralization of the spirit and the heart.

Breakneck Journey

THE GOLDEN RIPPLE. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by TESS SLESINGER

MR. WAUGH drives us through his narrative with true twentieth century speed and indifference. The road is dotted with characters at crucial moments in their lives, situations replete with excitement. But Mr. Waugh, briefly pointing them out, negligently mentioning their history, blows his whistle, we clamber on board again and dash off on our breakneck journey. It is a sort of Cook's tour; and looking wistfully back on scenes which roused our interest, the reader longs for a slower, even if less skilful guide.

But Mr. Waugh is more concerned with the design made by his characters than with their individual plights. The design is a reversal of the pattern of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Instead of tracing lives looking backward from the accident that ended them. Mr. Waugh takes them from the point at which an accident swerves them from their normal course and precipitates them separately down new lanes. This accident is the "golden ripple," the rumor of oil where no oil was; in a larger sense, the promise of prosperity in the half-year preceding the Fall of 1929.

It began with a bored caprice on the part of Maitland, oil prospector in Santa Marta, who cabled his employer, Frank Newton, in London, "recommend proceed" on doubtful oil wells. Maitland was not altogether lacking in conscientiousness; but Santa Marta seemed so far off, so little, that he lost his sense of proportions; it seemed impossible that anything that happened in Santa Marta could affect other parts of the world. But instantly, unknown to him, the destinies of three different sets of people, in Manhattan, in England, in New Orleans, are dynamically altered.

Then comes the Fall of 1929 and the downfall of hopes and fortunes based on paper promises. Incidentally here, where the author departs in a general description of New York gone hay-wire in the early shock of the depression, is his best writing; the situation is well-suited to his otherwise too sketchy, racy prose. The individual characters affected go to pieces or collect themselves according to their natures; engagements are broken, marriages rushed into; and the whole is topped by a suicide.

The pattern of the book is precise, too precise. The areas covered, the characters touched upon, are too little related to make their part in the design anything but highly artificial. Not one character steps sufficiently out of the plan to concern us with his fate; we are merely briefly curious about his fortune. Mr. Waugh seems, in this book, less an artist than another ripple, to use his own word, in the contemporary compulsion to hurry.

W. R. Inge, who has been Dean of St. Paul's since 1911, intends to resign in the summer of next year, according to the *Manchester Guardian*. That paper says: "He is an authority on the Mystics. His pulpit and platform utterances and essays have challenged attention and often aroused controversy by their originality, outspoken criticism of modern tendencies and vigorously expressed distrust of democracy. In theology he occupies an advanced liberal position.

"He is stated to be a descendant of King Edward II. in the twenty-first generation. His pedigree is traced through King Edward's third son, the Duke of Clarence, whose granddaughter married Lord Percy, famous as Harry Hospur."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saints and Symbols

A CALENDAR OF SAINTS FOR UNBELIEVERS. By Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

NEARLY every American traveller in Europe, literate or illiterate, finds himself perplexed by the multitude of saints about him, carved on cathedral walls, painted in the galleries, and remembered in inconvenient festivals that interfere with the traveler's itinerary. He is in the midst of a world of Christian mythology with which he is quite unfamiliar. Encountering St. Roch, St. Eustache, Ste. Genevieve in Paris, he wishes they were something more than names to him. Even the patron saints of England and France, St. George and St. Denis, are dim figures; he may recall that the one had something to do with a dragon and that the other carried his head in his hands the length of Paris, but that is about all.

Possibly some such initial perplexity, now far behind him, may have supplied the original motive for Glenway Westcott's latest and most charming book. It is a collection of brief sketches of three hundred and sixty-five saints, with a few added supernumeraries, arranged according to the dates of their festivals. Everything in such a work depends upon the manner. Mr. Wescott's method of presentation, removing every semblance of historical sequence, indicates at once that he is not engaged in a problem of scholarly research. He takes his saints as they come and presents their official legend as it is told, delighting in the naïveté and picturesque absurdities of the stories. He is, of course, a skeptic, but he is too consistent a one not to be skeptical of his own skepticism. "I am perfectly willing to believe anything," he writes, "that the faithful have been asked to believe. Indeed, there are only one or two episodes in the following pages which seem to me to be really unlikely." This is the tone of Anatole France and James Branch Cabell, sophisticated and smilingly ironical, which is very unpopular today among all the dull devotees of seriousness. Certainly out of place in Glenway Wescott's recent unhappy foray into politics, it is perfectly adapted to the material of the present volume. One hardly sees what other tone a civilized man could adopt toward the fascinating mass of superstition here presented.

GLENWAY WESTCOTT

Mythical, legendary, and historical characters jostle one another in this enchanted forest. We have St. Macarius conversing with a pagan skull, St. Simeon on his shocking pedestal, St. Julian repeating the tragedy of Œdipus, St. Sebastian shot so full of harmless heathen arrows that he bristled like a porcupine; St. Nonnosus, whose chief feat was to heal by miracle a broken lamp shade; we have the too beautiful Rose of Lima who burned her own face away with quicklime; Rosalia of Palermo who died under the stalactites of a cave where her body was found five hundred years later; Catherine of Sweden who went through a ritual of weeping for four hours every day; Martha who tied up a dragon with her garter; Justina whose knee prints on a stone may still be seen at Padua; Barbara whose own father cut off her head and was struck by lightning as he richly deserved. We meet Vincent the Invincible, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne. Even the historical characters are introduced as they were dressed by medieval fancy—Jerome, condemned to a year in Purgatory because of his love for Plato's works; Bede, receiving his sobriquet of "Venerable" from the applauding stones in the field.

Mr. Wescott's flexible style was never more entirely at his command than in this volume. He has written a thoroughly delightful book. One can imagine worse ways to begin each day than be reading the sketch of one of his saints; there may be better ways, but surely it would not be bad, of a morning, to enjoy for a moment the pleasure of an amused and tolerant smile.

One of the Hierarchy

(*Continued from first page*)

In the inferences he has drawn from his facts, in his reconstruction of his central figure I would wish to put first and strongly to emphasize the great service the biographer has rendered in bringing back upon the stage of life while making credible and interesting, even important to this era, the life story of a great American. Too often a merely amusing costume party staged picturesquely by an agreeable writer is mistaken for biography. Mr. Mordell has done much, much better than that; he has undoubtedly shot his biographical arrows so close to the mark that they outline upon the background of his times the figure of the man.

We see the poor Quaker boy on the New England farm touched with the divine inspiration of great poetry. Both the background and the mouthpiece through which flowed what still remains one of the chief glories of the literature of this continent, the profound poem "Snowbound," become sufficiently plain. We mark the struggle of the poet to make his decision between poetry and reform politics. We see both the internal and external struggles of the poet turned into a radical extravert trying to maintain his spiritual balance and self-respect in a world haggard with the impending bloody "solution" of the slavery question. In all this Whittier took an important and seminal part. As a bard, an editor, and an agitator, he left his mark on the United States. It is not possible to trace the various stages of his career here. The biographer does it notably well. He arranges his material tellingly and with a high and honest intent. That the struggle he traces also left its mark on Whittier goes without saying, and that too is ably traced.

Neither will any man or woman of modern awareness quarrel with Mr. Mordell's general conclusions as to the thwarted and withal somewhat ludicrous and piddling love life of the poet he depicts. It is rather, due to the biographer's convincing exhibit of correspondence and facts, a sorry and self-evident tale. Whittier, it seems, could never make up his mind about women after his first great love affair. In that case it would seem the lady made up her mind about him, and, on the whole, one feels that her final negative was justified. In Whittier we are confronted by the perturbations of a nature, which, while it could sublimate its desires into an almost incandescent intellectual heat, at times, was not vigorous enough also to accomplish passion in the natural world. I hazard the opinion that despite Mr. Mordell's vigorous and self assured explanations to his readers of just why this was—*no one knows*. The biographer in this case has taken the easy path of the delectable Dr. Freud who has saved so many biographers the trouble of thinking with his tempting formulæ for cutting out ready made suits for anybody, any time, any where. All that appears evident from Mr. Mordell's facts is that John Greenleaf Whittier loved and lost. That he remained thereafter a somewhat handsome but harassed, fearful, and careful philanderer. And that genuine sorrow for a number of women, with consequent remorse on the part of the sensitive, but not to be persuaded gentleman who caused the trouble, ensued.

Mr. Mordell's Freudian hazards are to my mind the chief soft spots in an excellent book. Why wasn't he up to date enough to remember that while "psychology" may provide an expository jargon it does not at all explain the main springs of human action, and that to suppose that it does is to commit a naiveté which it is hard to believe a man of Mr. Mordell's evident capacity is capable?

I have said enough to convey on the whole how excellent a book I think this to be. My few reservations are only such as to enforce the compliment of taking this good book seriously. They are not great matters, but I believe that readers are entitled to bear them in mind.

It seems to me that, generally speaking, the great solvent of humor is absent from this book. In the final analysis we want biographers to take their subjects seriously, but there are certainly some moments, even in the life of Whittier, where it would be a relief just to feel that his biographer was laughing with us. We cannot be sure, at least not sure enough. This does sound a bit solemn:

> During the course of the year Whittier was in Philadelphia visiting Elizabeth. Here they saw each other daily; they went out calling on friends. They became more attached to each other, and he fell, or thought he fell, in love with her. They found pretexts for fondling each other's hair and brows with the object of curing each other's headaches, as they both believed in faith healing. She succeeded in curing his headaches (naturally), but he did not cure hers, because, as he suggested, her faith was not as strong as his. He used to return ecstatic to his lodgings at 528 Spruce Street, three blocks from where she lived. In one of these blissful moments he wrote to her for her "counterfeit presentment"—her picture. He assured her that it was worth more to him "than a whole gallery of Old World Madonnas and saints." He looked with sadness upon the prospect of returning to Amesbury. "Ah me! these days glide on, and I shall soon have to set my face towards the sunrise. I shall carry with me many regrets, but many sweet and precious memories also." He went back home, but longed to see her again.

I cannot for one conclude that this book, as its author seems to feel, will necessarily enhance Whittier's literary reputation with the present generation. Mr. Mordell, it seems to me, tends to confuse the vigor of propaganda in literature with the evidence of literary merit. However admirable it may have been for Whittier to enlist his pen in the battle for human freedom, however it may exalt the man as a noble character—his poetry suffered. The verdict of time on that will, I venture to say, scarcely be shifted. "Snowbound" and a few of the sublimer hymns and shorter pieces, sheer evocations of the New England landscape, remain. They are great or good poetry and neither the loves nor the conflicts of their author can explain or alter the fact. And besides this age is not so enthusiastic about human liberty or reforms, is it? After all *were* the abolitionists right?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
From a youthful portrait by J. S. Porter.

The style of the book is clear. Dare I hint that a succession of telegraphic declarative sentences shot at the reader with interpolations of quoted material is not always inspiring. But it does the job it sets out to do and we sigh rather for what is not there, rhythm and changing mood. Besides the poet himself there are few characters in the book which are wholly drawn and this concentration of the limelight on the hero tends to darken the rest of the stage. The scenery is correct, but it is mentioned rather than drawn.

And yet—what a good book! A study much needed in our still gaping or inadequately painted portraits in the national gallery of men of letters. In view of what Mr. Mordell has accomplished, in the light he has thrown on his chosen figure, in contemplation of the vast material so painstakingly assembled and ably drawn upon, there can be no hesitation in applauding vigorously in the company of what Mr. Mordell so richly deserves, a large and justly enthusiastic audience.

* *

Hervey Allen, whose novel, "Anthony Adverse," is proving that a good tale can defeat the depression, is a poet and biographer as well as novelist. His life of Edgar Allan Poe is one of the outstanding studies of its subject.

Moses On Linoleum

THE world that came to a violent end under the shovels and cranes of the builders of our semi-rural apartment house has not given up its battle, though its survivors know only a tunneled, sunless earth. Conquering a deep basement and heavily parqueted floors, there still squeeze upward through invisible jointings occasional insect-travellers of a dauntless curiosity and all varieties of legs. Each morning a few frail fly-like beings colored spring-green must be brushed out of the bath-tub before the shower can be turned on. But the most regular explorers, in damp weather, are the ants.

One breakfast was horrifyingly impeded by the discovery of a small battalion of tiny dark-red creatures bivouacking under the kitchenette sink; its majestic white pillars were probably their "daytime cloud" in the wilderness, and its underside was a good substitute for the firmament. A hasty broom wrought mortal panic; those not swept up went fleeing in all directions before the wrath.

And then I saw Moses.

He was skirting his way with jerky circumspection, taking cover behind the round gray mountain of the Sani-Can. Darting at last across the dangerous open space between the sink leg and the refrigerator, he eyed the vast, white, sleek expanse of wall before him. Where could those white heights lead? Should he find at their soaring summit the promised land of safety, of food for his people? Only human egotism could doubt that he was cautious with calculation as he paused there, and that his many legs were quivering with reluctance though his heart drove him ever forward.

Busy with the dishes, I forgot him till, suddenly putting down the hot percolator on top of the icebox, I saw a tiny creature jump with terror, then shrink and shudder under the tremendous wave of heat, crouching piteously to avoid it. Human pride fell aghast at the courage and perseverance, the direction and purpose contained in that sixteenth-inch of individuality. He had climbed that precipice. What could be his fate? For whom was he striving? His tribe was doomed; the ant-hill was gone forever. His people roamed the bleak, blue-and-white checked linoleum of the kitchenette floor only to perish of starvation. There was no Promised Land. There was only the sleek, downward side of the refrigerator, and then once more the linoleum.

To what end should he live? Better to die in the splendor of a dream than trudge slowly downward to empty failure—to be laughed at, to develop neuroses.

Anyhow, there were not going to be ants in my kitchenette. One deft whisk swept him into the sink; the water was flowing.

But that was not the end of him. His valiant soul has haunted me in my weaker moments. I know I could never be half so brave as he. And I wonder if that was really why I murdered him.

SULAMITH ISH KISHOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BOWLING GREEN

News Reel

ALMOST exactly five years ago it occurred to me to take that morning's newspaper and record in the Bowling Green the items that seemed characteristic of the date and place. Perhaps it's time to try it again. A great deal that was unexpected has happened since August 6, 1928. And a number of authors have compiled very successful books out of newspaper files since our modest memorandum at that time.

The paper before me is the *New York Times* of Thursday, July 20. Giving ourselves the privilege of detachment, what can we deduce of the state of the world?

It happens that there is one big news story which of course gets preferred position. Italian Air Minister Balbo, with his "air armada" of 24 big seaplanes and 96 men has just arrived at Floyd Bennett Field beside Jamaica Bay, Long Island. His magnificent mass flight, after one tragic accident at Amsterdam, came smoothly via Londonderry, Reykjavik, Labrador, New Brunswick, Montreal, to Chicago—where the "Century of Progress" exposition is being celebrated. That was about 6100 miles; actual flying time, 47 hours 52 minutes. Yesterday his fleet came down the Hudson—we could see them plainly from the *Saturday Review* office, two squadrons of twelve planes each, in little triangles of three. Everyone, admiring that superb triumph, must have had a pang to recall that one plane didn't get beyond Amsterdam.

Bearded General Balbo, aged 37, "took a bath, donned a suit of white pyjamas and sat comfortably in his suite at the Hotel Ambassador" to be interviewed. His gallantry has almost restored the beard to favor in America. The *Times* calls it brownish red, the *Evening Post* calls it black. He dined at the Columbia Yacht Club where he was hailed as a second Columbus. He said gracefuly that Columbus hadn't had Weather Prophet Dr. Kimball to warn him against storms. He liked to hear the sirens of his police escort. The reporters asked him what he thought of the New York skyline, and of American women.

Coming closer to the ground, various industries were busy in formulating their Codes of Fair Competition as required by NIRA—the National Industrial Recovery Act. General Hugh Johnson, the toiling administrator of said Act, must smile grimly at the idea of a 40-hour week. The Ladies' Garment Workers, the Rayon Industry and the National Millinery Council had submitted their codes. The milliners said "No employee shall work more than 40 hours per week except during the peak periods which occur in spring and fall occasioned by seasonal changes in the styles of women's hats." Shipbuilders, electrical manufacturers, coal operators and theatre people were trying to formulate codes. One theatrical producer was quoted: he didn't believe they could codify a business which was essentially a gamble. But the American people were taking up Codes with their usual enthusiasm. We even hear of a "blanket code," which I believe is to cover and sum up all others—a supercode, a code to end codes.

Meanwhile the Recovery Cabinet was anxious lest prices should rise faster than purchasing power could catch up. There was a sudden wabble in the stock market which had been climbing steadily since April. The only stock I had been watching was Union Pacific, because crossing the plains in the Overland Limited in mid-April I got a definite feeling that things had turned a corner. When I began writing about the U. P. in April its shares were in the 70's. Three months later they reached 132. The Bowling Green was pleased to see its sentiment so promptly reflected on 'change. But anyhow it appears that on July 19 there was a jitter down town. Senator Thomas of Oklahoma naively telegraphed to the president of the Stock Exchange that it mustn't happen again. There's a good deal of talk of guaranteeing increased buying power. But how? Saks-Fifth Avenue took a full page to announce a 10% rise in salaries. The Crowell Publishing Co. (Springfield, Ohio) said they'd increased their payroll $500,000 annually. Wage increases were reported also in Detroit, Cleveland, and Youngstown. London taxi-fares were raised. At the University Club in Washington, D. C., an assistant secretary of State (not Prof. Moley, but Mr. Harry Payer) outlined the Ten Commandments of the so-called New Deal. 1st, "Thou shalt not live, my dear country, beyond thy means" . . . . 8*th*, "Thou shalt not suffer the paradox of poverty amid plenty . . . . since the age of scarcity hath passed to return no more." (The angel of record pauses a moment to meditate that.) At Reading, Pa., 11,000 "full-fashioned hosiery workers" were on strike. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania was protesting the use of tear-gas on hosiery strikers at Lansdale. In international exchange the dollar had "an indicated gold value of 69.4 cents."

An Essex car climbed Mount Washington with its gear-shift lever locked in high. Remembering my glimpse of Mount Washington a few days ago I shuddered. The Cunard Line begged us not to think First Class so terribly expensive: first cabin room and bath in *Aquitania* for $230. Hamburg-America Line said First Class in the motor-ship *Milwaukee* (a profitable name for a German ship) from $166 up. The North German Lloyd was saying steadily "Fastest Way to Europe, *Europa* and *Bremen*." Capt. Nillsson of the tanker *Gulf Gem* died of exhaustion after rescuing 34 men from another tanker, the *Cities Service Petrol*, afire and sinking off the coast of Florida.

Evidently, the detached observer would note, something had been happening to Prohibition. Arkansas and Alabama had voted for Repeal, making 18 states to vote so. The Board of Higher Education authorized beer to be sold at the symphony concerts in the Lewisohn Stadium. And here's an ad: —"Gentleman of social standing wanted to sell beer to fashionable clubs and hotels." If our visitor from a distance depended on the quinquennial summaries of the Bowling Green he would notice other queer changes. Five years ago we were all familiar with those delightful little advertising essays on thrift, virtue, sobriety, careful management, the irresistible cumulation of interest etc., under the name of the Harriman Bank. But what do we see now? "Harriman Bank depositors to get 50c on the dollar." "Joseph W. Harriman being studied for sanity in psychopathic ward at Bellevue." Well, they've got all the latest equipment in that fine new ward. In our summary of five years ago I remember that Mayor Jimmy Walker was riding high. On July 20, 1933, Jimmy Walker seems absent; but friends of another Mayor, John Purroy Mitchel, now 15 years dead, made their annual pilgrimage to put flowers on his grave at Woodlawn.

As one moves deeper into this fascinating maze of printed paradox we realize that only the merciful opium of habit makes it possible for the pensive citizen to skim all this every morning and not go haywire. Everywhere he turns is the perfection of astonishment. The Blind Women's Club, 100 members, went in the steamer *Belle Island* on their annual outing to Roton Point. 250 picked bridge players played a tournament in the Abraham & Straus store in Brooklyn. The same store says of its new Envelope Beret (a hat) "It's reckless! It's vital!" The 72-story RCA building in Rockefeller Center opened an observation promenade 850 feet up. People in the Chrysler Building elevators were stalled for 41 minutes, suspended between floors. The management said only about 20 people were caught. One of the elevator boys said about 300. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in the *Woman's Home Companion* invited people to write and tell her their problems. President Roosevelt had had a cold, but would be able to receive General Balbo. A Prince from Ethiopia was to lunch at the White House on Friday, but the White House kitchen was warned that for reasons of piety he can't eat meat, milk or butter on Fridays. Six circus lions housed in a barn on East 221st Street kept the neighbors awake. An unemployed chauffeur has two beehives on his roof in Brooklyn. One stung a neighbor's child and he is brought to court. The bees produced 435 lbs. of honey last year, worth 25c a pound. Trotzky was on his way from Turkey to live in France. "The official eye would be kept discreetly closed so long as he lives in such a manner as not to awaken it." In the Yangtse Valley it was very hot —115° reported. In New York the day before showed 86 high, 69 low. London maximum same day 80; Paris 74. Phoenix, high 108, low 82. Bismarck, 100 and 60. Los Angeles, 76 and 60. San Francisco, 76 and 52. Washington, 90 and 64. Portland, Maine, 72 and 66. Chicago, 90 and 68.

"Dignified Funerals as low as $150." European publicists, considering that American changes of plan had blown up the Economic Conference in London, lamented that it is very difficult to complete any negotiations with the U. S. government. George Ennis, distinguished painter, writes from Eastport, Maine, that three talented young American artists, all pupils of his, who have been jailed in Majorca, can hardly have been guilty of anything more than a boyish prank. Macy's welcomed General Balbo in an advertisement and assured him that if he should be homesick for *formaggio reggiano* or any other cheese, they can supply it—and have 1200 persons of Italian descent on their staff. Gimbel's continued their series of humorous advertisements which have ventured—with gratifying success—to toy with the public's sense of merriment. The British Air Force decided —wisely—not to attempt to regain the record for air speed, now held by Italy at 423 m. p. h. A deer, strayed somehow into the streets of Rochester, N. Y., was chased into a garage and there died of fright. Arthur Henderson, president of the world disarmament conference, was going to Munich to meet Chancellor Hitler. The British Labor Unions suggested a boycott of German goods until Germany should repudiate Hitlerism. Saks-Fifth Avenue "extended its hands" to its employees in appreciation of their talents and loyalty. Kidnapping was evidently the current racket. John J. O'Connell Jr. of Albany still unfound after 13 days. Even in peaceful old Haverford township, Pa., there was an attempted kidnapping of a real estate broker. Abercrombie and Fitch bathing suits have "that delightful next-to-nothing feeling when you swim." Princess Mary was suffering from acute fatigue brought on by too many public engagements. A Scottish pastor said that the "new morality" of Bertrand Russell was a return to animalism. A committee of critics published a rather hasty list of the 100 best books written in the past century by American women. Only 2 titles in Science were listed—one of these was *An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain*. Why, I wonder, didn't they list Louise Imogen Guiney among the poets? Obviously because they never heard of her—as, 20 years ago, they would never have heard of Emily Dickinson.

Babe Ruth muffed a fly and the Yankees lost, ending their winning streak of 9 games. Jack Lovelock, Oxford student from New Zealand, had lately made the world's record mile at Princeton in 4:07 $^{6}/_{10}$ but on a wet track in Canada was ten seconds slower.

More than 13,000 parcels of real estate were advertised for sale in Jersey City for delinquent taxes. The list filled 12 pages of agate type in Jersey City newspapers. The New Jersey Bell Telephone Co. reported that in June 1933 their net loss in number of telephones in service was only 159; in June 1932 it was 5766. The Neustadt Brewing Corporation of Stroudsburg, Pa., brewers of beer under the trade name *Gesundheit!* recorded the offering of 29,000 shares of common stock at $12.50 a share. "This advertisement appears as a matter of record and is not to be construed as a solicitation to buy." 13 major railroads reported 262,614 freight cars loaded the preceding week, as against 204,023 same week last year. The Bank of France withdrew 5 millions of gold from "earmark" here and shipped it to Paris. Fishermen at Montauk were going to try for swordfish with bow and arrow. The consul general of Jugoslavia announced that the State Mortgage Bank of Jugoslavia, "as a result of the world-wide economic crisis," would temporarily interrupt service payments on the 7% Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. The Basement Managers of the Retail Dry Goods Association were addressed by Mr. Propper of Mandel Bros., who said that higher retail prices had evoked no noticeable customer complaint. Other speakers advised caution, lest there be a buyers' strike this fall. In Fur Trimmings, these were wanted by buyers: Gray Foxes, Fitches, Chinese Weasels, Squirrel Belly Plates, Kit Foxes, Marminks, and Silver Fox Paws. Other buyers wanted Rayon Sand Crepe, plain and waffle piqués, Silks Damaged and Tender. *Arrival of Buyers:* Miss A. Chaloux was here from Jordan Marsh (Boston) to buy corsets. Miss L. Bailey from Stewart & Co. (Baltimore), women's, misses', stouts', coats, suits. Mr. G. S. Samsel of Idaho Falls, to buy ready-to-wear. C. Schneider of Chicago for handkerchiefs, notions, hats, towels, boudoir caps. The City of New York, Department of Purchase, wanted Propeller Shafts, Spruce Lumber, Liquid Chlorine, and Muslin Sheeting (this last for the Dept. of Correction).

The delights of the various classified advertising are always the best part of the paper. Why did I leave them until space is short? *Business Opportunities*: "Partner with capital to invest in bee[illegible] wine business in New Jersey terr[illegible] surface only scratched." I wonder; [illegible] Jersey has been scratched pretty deep in that trade. "Legitimate Broadway Play, small amount capital wanted to complete financing immediate production. Chelsea 2-7715." *Public Notices*: after the usual crop of My Wife having left my bed and board, will not be responsible etc., we find "Wanted—Air Passengers for Maine, leaving every Friday P. M. returning Monday A.M.—Clarence Chamberlin, Times Bldg." A duplex penthouse apartment of 15 rooms and 7 baths at 1115 Fifth Avenue was sold to "a well known New Yorker whose name is not revealed." The Pennsylvania Drug Co. leased space on the ground floor of the RKO building in Rockefeller Center. The Mavis Bottling Co. needed more space in Sunswick Street, L. I. City—I'm glad, I love the stuff. Bronislaw Zglobicki bought 3 vacant lots on Carlton Ave., Jersey City. 123 West 57 St. is "a midtown residential hotel with the distinctive Rue de la Paix atmosphere." 140 East 28 is an unusual 3-room apartment with 31-foot living room, wood-burning fireplace, bright gayly decorated bath, four huge closets. The Hotel Taft, Single Rooms $8 a week. "A room you'll enjoy; writing desk, full length mirror, easy chair, bed-head reading lamp, circulating ice water—nightly organ recitals." Gimbel's has a few openings for elevator girls of good appearance; must be at least 5 feet 5 inches tall and under 25 years. IDLE NEWSMAN, depression victim, university graduate, experienced legman, humorous columnist; service record includes *Time*-advertised Des Moines Register. X 2026, *Times Annex*. (Good luck, old son.)

With an atlas, an encyclopaedia, and a shelf of histories one might adequately absorb one issue of a newspaper. Like the New Jersey vintner, I have hardly scratched the surface. If one really did, perhaps—like the deer in Rochester—he might die of fright. Anyhow these notes are now filed away; hopefully—though a little doubtfully—referred to the end of July 1938.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REMINDER LIST OF GOOD READING

David Garnett

POCAHONTAS

The latest, and by general consensus of opinion, the best novel by the author of "Lady Into Fox." $2.50

Josephine Herbst

PITY IS NOT ENOUGH

The story of Joe Trexler and his family, in the tragic era following the Civil War. Not to be missed by lovers of first-rate fiction. $2.50

Dorothy Sayers

MURDER MUST ADVERTISE

Choose for your next detective story venture this highly entertaining advertising mystery unraveled by Lord Peter Wimsey. $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

This is **HANS DUFFY**

She deals out the venom of a cobra —but wears a kid glove. Her first novel turned English society inside out, while English critics cheered.

SEVEN BY SEVEN

The Sextons live in a world of poverty, machines, wars, politics —and never know it, much less understand it. Their story is a novel that pricks the puff-ball of traditional English aristocracy. $2

and published by Morrow

Are There Any BOOKSELLERS in the Audience?

Bookstores carrying *The Saturday Review* have found that it makes new friends and new customers for the bookseller. Our Bookstore Department is full of ideas for book merchandising opportunities. For information on how *The Saturday Review* can make more book sales for you, write to

BOOKSTORE DEPT.
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 Street, New York, N. Y.

The New Books

Fiction

JEREMIAH AND THE PRINCESS. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown. 1933. $2.

Adventure in Ruritania never palls. Here Mr. Oppenheim relinquishes his debonair rogues and international conspirators for a young American multimillionaire, a lovely princess, a sottish king, his unscrupulous retainer, and an impoverished Balkan kingdom on the verge of a revolution which only American gold can prevent. There is much action and the customary sentimental tangles — all in good, if a little wearied, Oppenheim form. Entertainment for the idlest possible hour.

ONCE AGAIN IN CHICAGO. By Minnie Hite Moody. King. 1933. $2.

For once a jacket blurb accurately, though inadvertently, describes its novel: "A pair of lovers who first met at the old Columbian Exposition in Chicago and then went their separate ways are reunited at the present World's Fair. They spend the night together, and then a week, reliving the dreams of their youth, reminiscing, comparing the old with the new." There is little more that can be said for what is apparently Mrs. Moody's first novel. In a quiet, homely fashion it dwells on the past, makes comparisons, demonstrates the imperishable nostalgia people may feel for the old days, casting an occasionally shrewd light on human idiosyncrasies of temperament, memory, and aspiration. Beyond this it does not go, nor does it attempt more. Therefore, in its own way, it is completely successful. Uninspired, timely, provoking little if any thought, it makes it appeal through a frankly sentimental exposition of the changes time works in people, cities, and institutions.

ONCE THEY WERE RICH. By D. L. Murray. Dutton. 1933. $2.

This novel of the newly poor will furnish much intelligent amusement. It is an ideal hammock book, that ranges from light satire to broad farce as it relates the misadventures of the family of Sir Valentine Scarthwood.

Lady Scarthwood had made the bad mistake of entrusting the family investments to a person who turned out to be not quite a gentleman; this initial misfortune was enhanced by Virginia's flunking out of Oxford, Rosalind's novel-reading uselessness, Ronnie's preoccupation with internal combustion engines. Sir Valentine could not sell his books on Elizabethan acrostics and the butcher was pressing for his bill. There were, however, several family accomplishments that could be capitalized, and under the leadership of the six-foot Virginia they were so capitalized that the family, if it did not exactly retrieve its fortunes, avoided imminent disaster.

The amusement to be derived from "Once They Were Rich" stems from the nature of these incidental accomplishments: Virginia, though she could learn no history, knew about all there was to know of equitation—she went into horse-dealing. Rosalind discovered a talent for poultry farming and Lady Scarthwood for cooking, Ronnie tinkered a side-car and delivered the eggs and dressed fowls, while Sir Valentine resurrected a flair for knitting and made quite a go of baby-furnishings, mufflers, and woolies, though, being color-blind, his endeavors had to be strictly supervised.

GREY COTTAGE. By G. McPherson. Macmillan. 1933. $2.

Miss McPherson is not only a painter but a metaphysician, interested not only in the ontology of painting but in the epistemology of human relations. "Grey Cottage," accordingly, is a novel of ideas and of word pictures, with the characters and story not much more than a wall on which the pictures and ideas may be displayed. Michael Donnelly was a painter with a not unreasonable desire to keep himself free from personal responsibilities, to escape which he used to retreat to his cottage on the south coast of England. But even there chance meetings involved him in human problems; he found one woman with a temperament like his own, but eventually conceded that she was right in holding that the woman for him to live with permanently was someone more healthily commonplace and human. Miss McPherson writes with distinction and restraint, and should give pleasure to those who are more interested in ideas than in persons and the things that happen to them.

DAPHNE WINSLOW. By Elisabeth Finley Thomas. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

This tale of a morbidly devoted mother differs from most of its sort in that the mother does not altogether wreck her children's lives, though her daughter got into a bad first marriage through a mishap for which her mother was unknowingly and unintentionally responsible. For the last sacrifice made, at least tentatively, by the mother for her daughter there seems no particular reason except that by that time Daphne Winslow had got into the habit; but people do get into habits. Mrs. Thomas seems to know her artists, art dealers, and interior decorators, but the whole story has a curiously antiquated flavor, and not merely in its Whartonesque manner. It begins a year or two after the war and goes down to our own times, or later; but the atmosphere, geographical and ethical, is that of a much earlier period—the first administration of the first Roosevelt, when broughams still mingled with automobiles, and the Royalton was still the proper residence for rich and socially distinguished bachelors.

TANDEM. By Violet Trefusis. Putnam's. 1933. $2.

This story of two Greek sisters brought up in France has the makings of good social satire; but its effect is disembodied, since most of it takes place in the dead world of Anglo-French society at the turn of the century. More than a deft touch and a sense of the comic in miniature is needed to revitalize the *haut monde* of 1900; and the later scenes, running down to 1962, only seem dragged in. The smaller the scale of social satire, the more its force depends on relevance to the active present. Neither 1900 nor 1962 has any such relevance, and in consequence the not inconsiderable abilities of Miss Trefusis suffer from misapplication.

International

OLD ITALY AND NEW MUSSOLINILAND. By John Gibbons. Dutton. 1933. $2.

Mr. Gibbons's little book is deliberately gossipy and coquettish, determined to give the air of intimate letters home. He sees the new Italy of welfare clinics, drained swamps, trains on time, soldiers marching past a populace stiffly at attention and all the rest of it, with some astonishment, occasional whimsical dismay, but on the whole with liking and approval. His impressions are those of an intelligent traveller, yet quite informal, sometimes amusing, and always easy to read. A good book to be read on the Italian-bound steamer, whether by tourists already familiar with the old Italy or not.

Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1933. $4.50.

Miss Rohde has added another volume to the growing list of scholarly works on horticulture and garden literature. "The Story of the Garden" follows closely, in both subject matter and arrangement, Lady Cecil's "History of Gardening in England," first published in 1895. New information, both bibliographical and biographical, has come to light since that pioneer work appeared thirty-eight years ago which the author has incorporated, together with the results of her own research, in this excellent book. Miss Rohde has sternly resisted the temptation to quote too freely from the garden literature, of which she is so profound a student, and to supply her readers with an anthology. The result is to send one back to her authorities hungry for more.

The illustrations, in both monocrome and color, are unusual and distinctive. Too much praise cannot be given to the documentation which is full but unobtrusive, and to the accurate and adequate bibliography of garden literature between the years 1495 and 1836. Mrs. Francis King's supplementary chapter on American gardens comes as a sort of anti-climax. It attempts to cover too much ground in too small compass, and fails to give an adequate picture to readers not acquainted with gardening in America, or to add anything new to those who are.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

The Northern Element in English Literature. Sir W. Craigie. Univ. of Chic. Pr. $1.50. *Shakespeare and Hawaii.* C. Morley. Doubleday. $1.

BIOGRAPHY

The Pure and the Impure. Colette. Farrar. *Robert E. Lea the Christian.* W. J. Johnstone. Abing. $2. *The Future of Political Science in America.* G. B. Shaw. Dodd. 75 cents. *A Circuit Rider's Wife.* C. Harris. Houghton. $2.50. *The Brontes.* I. C. Willis. Macmil. 75 cents. *Shakespeare.* J. Drinkwater. Macmil. 75 cents. *Joshua Reynolds.* J. Steegman. Macmil. 75 cents. *Beethoven.* A. Pryce-Jones. Macmil. 75 cents. *Gladstone.* F. Birrell. Macmil. 75 cents. *Queen Victoria.* A. Ponsonby. Macmil. 75 cents. *Wagner.* W. J. Turner. Macmil. 75 cents. *Wesley.* B. Dobree. Macmil. 75 cents. *Charles II.* J. Hayward. Macmil. 75 cents. *George Eliot.* A. Fremantle. Macmil. 75 cents. *Dickens.* B. Darwin. Macmil. 75 cents. *Cecil Rhodes.* J. G. Lockhart. Macmil. 75 cents.

DRAMA

Blindman's Buff. S. Chappuzeau. Johns Hopkins Pr. 50 cents.

FICTION

The Mystery of the Cape Cod Players. P. A. Taylor. Nort. $2. *Paradise Cove.* A. F. Loomis. Appleton. $2. *Fatal Gesture.* J. T. Foote. Appleton. $1. *Raw Edge.* E. S. Porter. Appleton. $2. *The Triumph of McLean.* G. Goodchild. Houghton. $2. *The Traipsin' Woman.* J. Thomas. Dut. $2.50. *Heavy Weather.* P. G. Wodehouse. Little. $2. *Volume the First* Jane Austen. Oxford Univ. Pr. *Beggars All.* K. N. Burt. Houghton. $2. *The Canada Doctor.* C. Perry and J. L. E. Pell. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2. *Mystery at Peak House.* A. J. Rees. Dodd. $2. *French Summer.* G. Gilpatrick. Dodd. $2. *The Return of the Rancher.* F. Austin. Dodd $2.

FOREIGN

La Musique dans l'Oeuvre de Marcel Proust. F. Hier. Columbia Univ. Instit. of Frenen Studies.

HISTORY

The Massacre of Glencove. J. Buchan. Put. $1.50. *Divided Loyalties.* L. Einstein. Houghton. $3.50. *The People's Choice.* H. Agar. Houghton. $3.50.

INTERNATIONAL

The Tragedy of Russia. W. Durant. Sim. & Schus. $1.25.

JUVENILE

The Coffee Pot Face. A. Fisher. McBr. $1.50. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Annals of the Penn Square. J. B. Nolan. Univ. of Pa. Pr. $1.50. *Consequences.* Houghton. $2. *Rummy.* A. E. Coppard. Houghton. $2. *Indo-European Folk-Tales and Greek Legend.* W. R. Halliday. Cambridge Univ. Pr. (Macmil.) $2.35. *Business Is Business.* B. D. Nicholson. Knopf. $2 net. *London Zoo.* G. Gleeson. McBr. $2.50 net. *Tammany at Bay.* J. E. Finnegan. Dodd. $2.

PAMPHLETS

Can the Old Church Adapt Itself to the New World? W. M. Brown. Gallion, O.: Bradford-Brown. 10 cents. *The Supernatural in Seneca's Tragedies.* M. V. Braginton. Menasha, Wis.: Banta.

Outside Stuff

The Sailing Rules in Yacht Racing
by **George E. Hills**
Chairman Race Committee, Hingham Yacht Club
with a foreword by
Clifford D. Mallory
President, N. A. Y. R. U.

"Will fill a need that the racing yachtsman has felt for years. . . . The book not only makes the rules clear through numerous diagrams but is readable as well."
—*Yachting.*

With numerous diagrams
190 pages. $2.75

Grain Race
by **Alan Villiers**

How the good ship *Parma* fought her way through hurricane weather round the Horn and won the 1932 grain race from Australia to England. "Another authentic epic of the sea."
—*New York Herald Tribune.*
Illustrated. $3.00

True North
by **Elliott Merrick**

Life in Labrador described by a man who fled the city for a colder, heartier climate. "A stirring tale."—*New York Sun.*
$2.75

at your bookstore

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

SINCE *Archibald MacLeish* won the Pulitzer Prize this year for poetry, "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" is the first group of poems he has published. His best single poem since then is "1933" which appeared in the Summer issue of *The Yale Review*. That poem concerned the Elpenor whom both Homer and Ezra Pound have celebrated. MacLeish's Elpenor is nothing if not symbolic, and I am privy to an anecdote concerning the reading of this poem as the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard this year. After the event, it seems—at lunch, I believe it was—Mr. MacLeish encountered the cold and extortionate eye of a certain dignified elder gentleman, a mentor of no inconsiderable classical repute. "Mr. MacLeish," quotha, "there is just one thing about your poem I did not understand." Feeling a slight chill at the pit of his stomach in the presence of so much scholarship, the poet embarked upon an explanation of his Elpenor. That prophetic shade incidentally counsels Ulysses eloquently to seek a new land whose spartan characteristics he describes. "Oh yes," interrupted the Cambridge sage, "I know the story. But what I wished to ask you was—just what is this country to which we are all going?" The poet found much relish in the episode.

This anecdote seems pertinent in view of a discussion of Mr. MacLeish's "Frescoes," in *The New Republic* for July 26th. The review is written by that lively Communist, *Michael Gold*. It is headed "Out of The Fascist Unconscious," and Mr. Gold finds Mr. MacLeish espousing a mystic nationalism that is, according to Mr. Gold, the "first stage of the true fascist mind." I, on the other hand, find the poet merely trying to understand his own country and his own time. In his sixth and last poem in the "Frescoes," entitled "Background with Revolutionaries," he has bitterly offended Mr. Gold by his casual references to certain kinds of "Comrades." This extreme sensitivity bespeaks a soft-mindedness in Mr. Gold that I should not have expected. While excoriating Mr. MacLeish for being trivial, his exasperation is chiefly aroused by one particular vaudeville stanza (of four lines) in dialect. Therefrom he deduces that the poet is a pronounced anti-Semite, a large deduction to draw from a few teasing words! As I read the poet he has become a little tired of the slight amount some insurrectionaries actually know of the vast country they would like to transform into the measure of their own dream. Mr. MacLeish's

She's a tough land under the corn mister

seems to me merely a rather sage statement of fact, if one has been round and about the United States a good deal. The italicized ending of "Frescoes," needs, I think, only to be quoted to show it for a shrewd poetic comment that has nothing to do with the excited Fascist state of of the Fascist Unconscious," and Mr. Gold mind. I have no space to quote its words here and must ask you to buy the pamphlet for twenty-five cents from the John Day Company and read at least the last page.

I do not wholly disagree with Mr. Gold in his contention that poetry and the arts have political significance. I merely believe that they have a much larger significance than that. If this is to be a mystic, I am one, and so must all pondering poets be. I feel that the recent manifestations in Germany have set back the clock. It has been a fearful spectacle. Just that. But Mr. MacLeish's Elpenor, in his "1933" is looking forward to a hope, and I do not believe that in "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" the poet is in the least "an unconscious fascist," as Mr. Gold would have him. The nub of what Mr. Gold has to say against him is in these words:

> Hitler invokes the blond Aryans; Mussolini restores the eagles of Cæsar; the awakened Magyars remember their forebear, Attila; and here is Archibald MacLeish using all the epic splendor of the American past, the red Indians, the pioneers, the railroad hunkies, and even the Rocky Mountains and the strong savage American landscape as a political argument against sordid Marxists, Jews, and intellectuals!

Now on the face of it no intelligent man, much less a poet, believes a Marxist, a Jew, or an intellectual (that is, I gather, one who tries to use his reason more than does the average person) to be "ignoble," which is one of the meanings of "sordid." All dreams that have to do with the rehabilitation of the human race are noble dreams. And it should be sufficiently obvious—except to Mr. Hitler—that the Jewish race has contributed some of the most courageous reasoning, civic virtue, and artistic achievement in the history of mankind. Hastily to draw the conclusion that a poet, who has demonstrated the breadth of vision and sensitivity to the sufferings of the human race which are everywhere apparent in Mr. MacLeish's poetry, is using that poetry for a paltry and ignoble purpose is, to say the least, most short-sighted. A poet, like anyone else, may question the efficacy of a certain definite political scheme. He may be right, he may be wrong, I do not believe that even greater mystical poets than Mr. MacLeish have been infallible, or omniscient. But it seems to me that Mr. Gold is claiming for the communistic view of things an omniscience that it has not justified. Nor do I believe that he helps his cause by an essentially superficial attack upon the musings of one of the most cogently ironic poets of our time in America. Of the Empire-Builders, of the great financiers, Mr. MacLeish says, through his red-skinned American speaking, that this country "was all prices to them: they never looked at it . . . it was all in the bid and the asked and the ink on their books . . ." a fact that we have, perhaps, bitterly learned. But that does not seem to me to be invoking the Rocky Mountains as a political argument against those of us today who are trying to do a little thinking!

For a brief pamphlet, which it is, Mr. MacLeish's "Frescoes" contains quite a range of thought concerning America. His poems are not material for the hustings. The trouble with Mr. Gold, flatly, is that he would have the poets turn propagandists for a particular political and economic thesis. If they refuse to do that, they are simply speaking out of turn and wasting his time. This ground has been gone over already by Mr. MacLeish himself, in prose, in his "Invocation to the Social Muse" which caused much controversy in the pages of *The New Republic*. So I shall not labor the point that if you reduce poets to propagandists you kill poetry deader than a door-nail. The poet is an independent and must remain so. The private religious, political, and economic views of poets as human beings are in most cases as fallible as those of other average people. Nor do I mean that poetry is some sort of mystic incantation, though at its best it may be—drawing on sources that no one has ever been able completely to define. But you should not desire to label a poet Fascist, Communist, or any other kind of *ist*. Whitman has been used so much, now, as propaganda that we have almost forgotten that he was, first and foremost, a poet. Mr. Gold drags out the old radical stereotype when he cries, "White-collar fascists out of Harvard and Wall Street." He is ready with catch-words. His ideas of class-struggle seem to me to partake of antiquated caricature. Today's is a bitter and complicated dilemma, and it will not get us anywhere in particular to call names. Mr. Gold accuses Mr. MacLeish of sneering and indulges himself in an equal sneer. All of which is childish.

One compliment Mr. Gold has paid to Mr. MacLeish's most recent poems. He has taken them seriously; and they are serious. But he has taken them so seriously that one would think Mr. MacLeish in them had outlined, at the very least, a complete American attitude; whereas, he has actually touched upon but a few aspects of America as seen with his own particular vision. That vision is valuable. And Mr. MacLeish is one of the very few American poets who are trying to get any perspective at all upon their own country. I should like to see many more American poets address themselves to this task. I believe there will be more and more of them as time goes on. But the poets must observe detachment from propaganda to do it. They must work each in his own way, preserving the most strict individual honesty.

"One of the most extraordinary of living writers."
—WILLIAM SOSKIN
The New York Evening Post

"He has more sheer genius than any other of today's novelists. A remarkable man, half poet and half seer; not to know his work is to neglect the most arresting novelist in many a year." —PERCY HUTCHINSON
New York Times Book Review

FRANCIS STUART

Who is winning new laurels with his latest book

TRY the SKY

"Not only a fine but a significant book. Doubly significant because it is the best literary expression. I know of a mood that is slowly taking root in the civilized world."
J. W. POLING, *New York Herald Tribune*

"One of the most important of the younger novelists—for he is one of the few now writing fiction who has any philosophy to offer that is more than a counsel of despair. TRY THE SKY is a book that ought to be read, for it has something to say to our times." $2.00
—BASIL DAVENPORT, *Saturday Review of Literature*

His Two Novels of Ireland

PIGEON IRISH
"The most remarkable book to come out of Ireland since her so-called Renaissance."—*Time.*
$2.00

The COLOURED DOME
"A novel of earnest beauty . . . A book not to be forgotten."
—*Philadelphia Record*
$2.00

At all Bookstores

THE MACMILLAN CO.
60 Fifth Avenue New York

MARIE ANTOINETTE
STEFAN ZWEIG'S GREAT BIOGRAPHY
National non-fiction best seller.
78th thousand. Illustrated. Handsome 8vo. 472 pages. $3.50
VIKING PRESS

THE FUTURE of POLITICAL SCIENCE in AMERICA

BERNARD SHAW

"I have rewritten the report of the lecture and made it quite presentable," writes G. B. S., with disarming modesty, of his address last April before the Academy of Political Science. A timely appraisal of political institutions and their future.

Bound in Cloth. 1st Edition. **75c**

DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 4th Ave., New York

"Evoking Cynical Delight and Howling Joy!"
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

PULL DEVIL PULL BAKER by **STELLA BENSON**

LITERARY GUILD CHOICE
"Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine is a masterpiece . . . If his Memoirs do not create 'Grand Sansation' it will not be his fault or Miss Benson's."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
"An engaging modern Munchausen makes his bow!"—*New York Times.*
$2.50, HARPERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Portrait Gallery of

GREAT LIVES

A notable new series of short biographies of world-famed figures by distinguished writers. Each volume gives all the salient facts of its subject's life and a study of his character. Twelve volumes are now available and twelve more will follow. A delightful treat for every biography-lover.

SHAKESPEARE *By* John Drinkwater

QUEEN VICTORIA *By* Lord Ponsonby

WAGNER *By* W. J. Turner

JOHN WESLEY *By* Bonamy Dobrée

JOSHUA REYNOLDS *By* John Steegman

DICKENS *By* Bernard Darwin

CECIL RHODES *By* J. G. Lockhart

BEETHOVEN *By* Alan Pryce-Jones

GLADSTONE *By* Francis Birrell

CHARLES II *By* John Hayward

GEORGE ELIOT *By* Anne Freemantle

THE BRONTES *By* Irene Cooper-Willis

DISTINCTIVE FORMAT

These books are pocket size, seven and one half inches high and four and one half inches wide. Handsomely printed on laid antique paper and bound in durable red cloth. Each volume contains more than 100 pages.

75 cents each . . . *At all bookstores*

60 Fifth Ave. **THE MACMILLAN CO.** New York

WHY is it that all our first six presidents were men of great ability and only four out of the next twenty-two?

The PEOPLE'S CHOICE

By Herbert Agar

History as it should be written: witty, dramatic, authentic, and of practical value in dealing with today's news.

This book *gives* a unique view of American history and politics as seen from the White House.

Shows how we have so far tried three different forms of democracy of which the worst has triumphed.

Makes it possible to understand the importance of the present political situation.

Illustrated, $3.50 *at all bookstores*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

THE LONDON SUCCESS

—— recommended by the BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB *and the British* BOOK SOCIETY

LIVINGSTONES

a novel by DERRICK LEON. "An outstanding success."—NEWS-WEEK. "LIVINGSTONES has plenty of intelligent entertainment in it."—William Soskin, N. Y EVENING POST. "A novelist who can tell a story . . . with tact, charm and conviction."—SAT. REVIEW OF LITERATURE. "Its interest is unflagging."—*Phila* PUBLIC LEDGER.

653 pages $2.50 a JOHN DAY book

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

M. A. G., Rockville Centre, L. I., asks for books on the nature and technique of poetry.

A. E. HOUSMAN speaks seldom in or about poetry; when he does, it makes a sensation. His little book "The Name and Nature of Poetry," has made one out of proportion to its size. It is piercingly personal, and likely to start a reader straightway upon analysis of his own reactions. Macmillan published it here in May; in England the Cambridge University Press brought it out somewhat earlier. This University Press, by the way, is an establishment combining prestige with acumen; its London offices are in Fetter Lane, and from its adjoining garage goes out a fleet of shining blue delivery motors with signboards on top announcing "the new Jeans" and the nice low price of it for all the world to see as the cars flash by. I have seen "the new Edgar Wallace" thus announced on newsstands; the Cambridge University Press, stately as it is, likewise stands back of its cosmic thrillers. The sales record of the Housman book which they showed me, should restore the drooping confidence of people who think poetry is out of fashion.

Another new book just published on both sides of the ocean is Herbert Read's "Form in Modern Poetry," the eleventh of the series of "Essays in Order" published by Sheed & Ward. These started with the object of "observing the crisis in Western civilization wheresoever it might be manifested," and were to be "concerned with relating the experiences and experiments of the new world with the Catholic order." This study is concerned with the tradition of English poetry "reëstablished by Wordsworth and Coleridge, developed in some degree by Browning and Gerard Manley Hopkins, and in our own day by poets like Wilfred Owen, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot."

When people ask me for a beginner's book on the technique and terminology of verse, I suggest "The Forms of Poetry," by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace), a practical little book arranged like a dictionary.

J. F., Detroit, Mich., says:—"Regarding the Doubleday, Doran request for information concerning story of a round-the-world cruise by a young married couple, who acquired a child en route.

"This story, entitled 'A modern Saga of the Seas,' by Erling Tambs, a Norwegian writer, was published in the December, 1931 issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*. I do not believe it has ever been issued in book form, at least not in English, for I have made several unsuccessful attempts to find it myself. The story in the *Geographic* left the cruisers in Australia and I have been very anxious to learn what further adventures they had after leaving there. I have mailed this information to the Doubleday Co. as requested, and I would like to lay a small bet that they have had plenty of advice concerning the item."

The same information came also from *F. R. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

F. A. M., Boxford, Mass., says: "In a recent reply you mentioned material on New York City: do you recall James Oppenheim's 'Monday Morning?' During the *Seven Arts'* single year we lunched together once a week and went over material together which makes youngsters in Harvard and elsewhere gasp as they run through the bound volumes with me."

R. P., Alexandria, O., suggesting Mary H. Catherwood's "Lazarre" as Dauphin fiction, adds that Otis Skinner played in a stage version of this story.

D. W. B., Westerly, R. I., asks if T. S. Eliot, O. E. Rolvaag, and Julien Green are considered as American writers or claimed respectively by England, Norway, and France. If a woman's nationality changes to her husband's when she marries, I don't see why a man's should not change when he is wedded to his art, if that is in a foreign tradition. At that rate Mr. Eliot would be an English poet and Mr. Green a French novelist (his sister, Anne Green, being an American one), while Mr. Rolvaag, who wrote in his native language in America, wrote in the direct line of our national aspirations and development—at least in his earlier works —and may be claimed as an American novelist. In practice, an author preferring to live and work outside his native land is usually claimed if you like him and cheerfully relinquished if you don't.

M. P. C., Sheffield, Alabama, asks for suggestions on the literature of the Machine Age. If I knew just when that was supposed to begin, I could reply to better advantage. According to popular speech it just came around the corner, but the weavers of the North of England were having plenty of trouble with it three generations ago, as one may see in Phyllis Bentley's "Inheritance" (Macmillan), and Mexico seems not to be in it yet, according to Stuart Chase. I have never been able to decide at what point in the history of mankind the contrivances he began to make almost as soon as he became a man turned on him and took possession of his soul—or if, indeed, they ever did. The subject is discussed for the general reader in Stuart Chase's "Men and Machines" (Macmillan), Arthur Pound's "The Iron Man in Industry" (Little, Brown), Silas Bent's "Machine-made Man" (Farrar & Rinehart); Sherwood Anderson's "Perhaps Women" (Liveright); Michael Pupin's "Romance of the Machine" (Scribner), to name a well-known few of the many books in which this problem in its present shape has been put forward in one way or another.

A. R. D., Camden, Maine, asks for a list of books I would call American classics. "Of course I know of stacks of well-written, worthwhile books, but are they classics?" Inquiry at various sources has been in vain. I hasten to pass on this judgment to Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, who in 1931 published "Classic Americans: A Study of Eminent American Writers from Irving to Whitman" (Harcourt, Brace), a book every library needs. There is an introductory survey of the colonial background of our national literature.

O. I. S., Birmingham, Ala., sends the poem by Hamlin Garland wanted by W. W. R., Yakima, Washington, saying:

Years ago I copied it for my own collection and only recently found it in an anthology issued in 1931, "Quotable Poems," Vol. 2. Comp. by Thomas Curtis Clark (Willett, Clark & Company, New York.)

THE CRY OF THE AGE

What shall I do to be just?
What shall I do for the gain
Of the world—for its sadness?
Teach me, O seers that I trust!
Chart me the difficult main,
Leading out of my sorrow and madness;
Preach me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring
To cast to the tramp at my door?
Shall I tear off each luminous thing
To drop in the palm of the poor?
What shall I do to be just?
Teach me, O ye in the light,
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust;
My heart is aflame to be right.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

It appears—with some typographical errors—in "Quotable Poems," Vol. 2, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark (Willett, Clark & Company, New York and Chicago, 1931).

L. K., Oceanside, L. I., would appreciate a book on operations of the stock exchange.

The latest book of this sort is "The Stock Exchange; Its Economic Function," by Henry G. S. Noble, a former president of the New York Stock Exchange. It is an explanation for the general reader of the need and purpose of organized security markets in modern economic life. It was published this Spring by Harper.

J. C. O., London England, writes regarding the call for books on diplomatic life: "Have you read the 'Life and Letters of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice?' I see you have a tremendous list as it is, but when I read this I wished that all English and Americans could read it. Though there were two large volumes I couldn't read anything else till I finished it. Sir Cecil believed that England and the United States could not help being friends if they knew and understood each other better, and he labored and sweated to bring that about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

THE same inquirer needs books on regional literature, for a course of study. "The New Regionalism in American Literature," by C. McWilliams, is a pamphlet published by the University of Washington. The press of Stephen Daye, devoted to the greater glory of Vermont, has published several volumes of which "Vermont Verse" and "Vermont Prose" will be especially useful in this connection. The South is well presented in C. A. Hibbard's "The South in Contemporary Literature" (University of North Carolina), a study-course outline; there is the well-known "Library of Southern Literature" in seventeen volumes published in Atlanta, "Southern Life in Southern Literature," a textbook (Ginn) and W. M. Baskervill's "Southern Writers" (Cokesbury). Harry Wagner publishes a big book about "Literary California," and there is a long list of little volumes of state poetry —generally reflecting rather more credit on state pride. "Hoosiers," by Meredith Nicholson (Macmillan); "Missouri Literature," published by Lucas, Columbia, Mo.; "Voices of the Southwest" (Macmillan); "The American Song-Bag," edited by Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace), an invaluable collection of folk-songs from all parts of the land, and "Literature of the Middle Western Frontier" (Columbia University Press, 2 vols.) are books of the sort I consult in making preliminary surveys of regional literature. For in compiling the series of regional story-collections, "Golden Tales of New England," "Golden Tales of the Prairie States," and so on (Dodd, Mead), I have had to fling the net wide.

P. V. K., Gibson City, Ill., asks about Conal O'Riordan (Holmes O'Connell), author of "Adam in Dublin" and "Adam and Caroline." Conal Holmes O'Connell, better known from 1891 till 1920 by the *nom de guerre* of Norreys Connell, succeeded J. M. Synge as director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and in 1909 was responsible for the reproduction of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," which, as he says, had been "suppressed by malevolence some months before." He has had plays produced in ten London theatres, and several volumes—"Shakespeare's End," "Rope Enough," "His Majesty's Pleasure," "The King's Wooing"—have been published. A fall from a horse at sixteen injured his spine and put an end to his idea of going into the army; at seventeen he was on the stage, and at nineteen he had produced his first book. The list of all his books would be too long for this space; Harcourt, Brace published the "Adam and Caroline" group of novels some ten years since; their vigor and distinction are gratefully remembered.

E. H. B., Moha, British Columbia, asks: "Are you sure that the 'landslip' (I always remember it as an 'avalanche') in 'The Ambitious Guest' was caused by an earthquake? While I read the story years ago, I remember it so vividly and cannot recall the cause of the catastrophe as an earth-movement. Rather I believe it was one of the other two main causes for landslides—loosening of rocks by freezing and thawing, or by excessive rainfall.

"And isn't there a splendid description of an earthquake and the accompanying hurricane in Richard Hughes's 'Innocent Voyage' ('High Win in Jamaica')? At any rate, when I recently read 'Tom Gringle's' description of an earthquake in Jamaica I slipped into that atmosphere which I first encountered in the 'Innocent Voyage.'"

News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

CONNECTICUT

In response to our recent plaintive wonderings as to what literary news was brewing in Connecticut, *Dr. Creighton Barker* writes us: "Down in Old Lyme, which really should be Lyme Regis, somehow it seems theatrical. Always art, of course, but this year the theatre gets more than its share of the talk. Up on Grassy Hill *George Soule* looks more than productive and *Curtice Hitchcock* is in every Tuesday for the week-end. Later *Malcolm Cowley* will sing at Fish Widow's. The Print Show was better than usual this year; *Elinor Lathrop Sears* has certainly arrived, and *Herbert Thoms* gets time from doctoring and fishing to do dry points of sailing ships so good you want them all. The Beckett Hill Colony seems quiet and *Carl Rollins* has not been down."

Up Litchfield County way the play is the thing too. Litchfield has its own theatre this summer and they have tried some shows in Washington; later *Ted Ohmer* may open his Haybarn. Old Settlers in New Milford and Kent now about agree that "The Last Adam" was not as bad as it was written but the nicer people do not speak of Janet Cardmaker yet. They have all forgotten "American Beauty" and they will soon forget "The Last Adam." What they do not forget are the big books that come out of the *Beards'* square brown house on the hill above the River and that Kari the Elephant lives up the Aspetuck.

Arthur Head still bustles around what Mr. *Gallagher*, the traffic policeman, calls "The Broadway Gut," close to where one watches the old Yale traditions being maintained in—God save us—the COLLEGE TOASTY.

HAWAII

Are there war clouds over the Pacific? *Clifford Gessler* of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* gives us mild reason to pause:—

Honolulu stores report a run on books pertaining to the Far East, particularly *Kawakami's* "Manchoukuo: Child of Conflict." There is also a revival of demand for the reprint of *Hector Bywater's* "The Great Pacific War."

A leading Honolulu bookseller reports a marked increase of business in the last month.

Louis Chadman, author of "His Chinese Doll," a mystery novel of Honolulu, arrived in Honolulu in June with *Mrs. Chadman* for a sojourn of several months. Expressing his appreciation of a local reviewer, Mr. Chadman said he objected to nothing in the reviewer's judgment of his book, but he did object to the inference that the author was a tourist. Mr. Chadman said that although he spent much time in travel, he had been a resident of Hawaii for several years.

Oswald Bushnell, president of the student body at the University of Hawaii, is author of a poem which has been included in the "anthology" of the Poets Guild.

MINNESOTA

Mr. A. C. Anderson of Minneapolis, aroused by the recent statement of a correspondent of this department to the effect that Miss *Linda A. Eastman* of Cleveland, Ohio, is the only woman in charge of a large city library, rises to the defence of his own town. He says: "In Minneapolis Miss *Gratia A. Countryman* has been connected with the library for forty-four years and has been City Librarian for over twenty years. There might, of course, be some difference of opinion as to the significance of the word 'large' applied either to city or library. I have noticed that in the east, New Orleans and Cincinnati are generally considered quite good-sized places, and Minneapolis happens to be larger than either of them, while the Twin City urban district, as defined by the United States census, very largely increases the discrepancy. I have no figures as to the size of the Cleveland library, and to tell the truth, am a little hazy about the Minneapolis library, but I have noticed that Minnesota has a larger number of libraries per capita than Ohio and a correspondingly much smaller population per library than Ohio. Therefore, it is probable that there is not an enormous difference. With no disrespect to Miss Eastman, I feel that Miss Countryman is entitled to at least honorable mention."

Mr. Anderson incidentally inquires: "What is the editorial opinion of the expression 'little booklet' appearing in your columns"? Repetitive, say we.

NEW JERSEY

Not to be outdone by Mr. Anderson in local pride, *Marie Louise Prevost* of Elizabeth, N. J., writes us: In reporting to the "News from the States" column Katharine G. Thomas of Elyria, Ohio, refers to Miss Linda A. Eastman as 'the only woman in this country who is directing a large city library.' This was a familiar fact to the library profession for eleven years, but it ceased to be an accurate statement when, four years ago, Miss Beatrice Winser succeeded the late John Cotton Dana in the directorship of the Newark Public Library, with its ten branches, as well as in the directorship of the Newark Museum, both of which institutions she had previously served as assistant librarian and director for thirty-five and twenty years, respectively."

NORTH CAROLINA

Mrs. Waldern H. White reports from Chapel Hill on behalf of the University of North Carolina that the Hanes collection, a foundation for the study of the origin and the development of the book, in the Library of the university, has recently won praise from *Mr. O. H. F. Vollbehr* whose own remarkable collection of incunabula and early books was a year or two ago purchased for the Library of Congress. Truly North Carolina has reason for pride in these some two thousand volumes comprising Assyrian and Babylonian clay tablets, Greek ostraka, Egyptian papyri, Greek and Roman codexes, manuscripts and facsimiles of manuscripts of various periods, Chinese and European block books, and printed books of all ages from the earliest volumes to distinctive examples from modern presses. Included also are critical works and journals dealing with manuscripts, early presses, bookbinding, and allied subjects.

Four hundred and sixty-eight volumes of incunabula, books printed between 1451 and 1499, form an important part of the collection. These volumes, collected largely by *Dr. Aaron Burtis Hunter*, of Raleigh, North Carolina, were issued from the famous presses of such early printers as Ratdolt and Jensen of Venice, Koberger of Nuremberg, and Wendelin of Speyer, the authors and subjects treated being representative of the thought and civilization of the latter half of the fifteenth century. An earliest example of the illustrated volumes is the *Nurnberge Chronicle*, an "illustrated history of the world from ancient times to the present "—the present being 1493. Here, as history proceeds pope by pope and king by king, the same woodcut does service again and again.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD POLICE *Philip MacDonald* (Crime Club: $2.)	Unknown killer, presumably maniac, picks off London bobbies. Nicholas Revel, man of mystery, helps Yard catch murderer.	Fans may miss Col. Gethryn, but Revel and Sir Christopher Vayle are equally ingenious substitutes.	Exciting
THE MYSTERY OF THE CAPE COD PLAYERS *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Longmans, Green & Co.: $2.)	Killing of strolling Thespian, who fascinated women, involves long list of interesting suspects, all investigated by canny Asey Mayo.	Engrossing tangle of clues and motives logically unravelled by extra-interesting Yankee tec, with much pleasant dialect and local color. Solution a *leetle* too pat.	Good
MYSTERY AT PEAK HOUSE *Arthur J. Rees* (Dodd, Mead & Co.: $2.)	Scientist with sinister locked laboratory is found dead in it: pretty secretary goes mad and sundry sleuths investigate uncanny clues.	Wild beauty of Derbyshire hills plus wierd lore of savage Africa makes stunning setting for tale strongly horrific, so-so deductive.	Shuddery

CLASSIFIED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

The ADVERTISING RATES FOR THIS classified section are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any smaller number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning eight days before publication date. Address Department G.H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore. 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY FIRST EDITIONS. Catalogue gladly mailed. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

THE FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's Larg[e] French Bookshop." "Over 500,000 books [in] stock." Mail orders, information, pron[pt] Big Catalogue 20c (stamps).

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR MANUSCRIPT SHOULD BE sold! This office sells plays, novels, short stories, published books or produced plays for motion pictures. International connections, publications planned. Editor, literary advisor. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"SEVEN BOOKHUNTERS," Station H, Box 66, New York. Out-of-print books Reasonably and promptly supplied.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this section for things wanted or unwanted; personal service to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent; tutoring, traveling companion, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Old Lime, Conn. A quiet, beautiful place for a vacation. Excellent food.

CULTURED Southern girl wishes position as governess or companion. Dorothy Strickland, Concord, Georgia.

YOUNG MAN, 25, former college instructor, desires journalistic or publishing work, preferably in or near New York City, no selling. Box 202.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTHONY ADVERSE

"Has the fire and thrill of 'The Three Musketeers'."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"A book for the ages . . . brilliant and exciting."
—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

"Twelve hundred pages of genuine pleasure."
—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"It sings itself into the marrow of the bones."
—LOS ANGELES TIMES

"Hervey Allen adds a glory to American literature."—N. Y. SUN

"A magnificent, romantic landmark in American fiction."—N. Y. POST

"It may become the best-loved book of our time."
—N. Y. TIMES

"A lush story that makes the blood race gayly."
—PHILA. LEDGER

"A remarkable book . . . an unusual experience."
—ATLANTIC MONTHLY

"An unexpected windfall of ripe and abundant romance."—N.Y.TIMES

a novel by

HERVEY ALLEN

Back in the Naughty 90's

- The days of the old music halls, variety theatres, tap rooms and sporting clubs of London's pre-war Bohemia.
- The days of the Piccadilly Johnny and lovely ladies who promenaded . . . Hansom cabs and stage door lovers . . . old port . . . and the rustle of silk petticoats.
- J. B. Booth, for many years on the staff of the "Pink 'Un," a risque little sheet that amused sporting London in those halcyon years, spins witty and scintillating yarns of Sir Henry Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Nijinsky, Pavlova, Anna Held, Edgar Wallace and others.
- You'll delight in this fascinating biography of brilliant men and women who assiduously cultivated the art of living, along with their other talents, in the Gay and Naughty 90's.

With many illustrations.

The PINK PARADE

By J. B. Booth

2nd Printing Now Ready.

DUTTON $3.75

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Poor old Quercus, considerably stirred by the fact that the SATURDAY REVIEW has now entered upon its Tenth Year, and that the season of Renewals is here, remembers what good old William Bradford (the first American Printer, wasn't he?) wrote in his *Pennsylvania Journal* in 1765:—

> "I must earnestly Request every Individual of my Subscribers, many of whom have been long behind Hand, that they would immediately Discharge their respective Arrears."

☞Max Schuster suggests that Quercus occasionally list the favorite books of outstanding booksellers, and recalls how Adolf Kroch of Chicago has for years plugged the fortunes of Winwood Reade's *The Martyrdom of Man*. A good idea: Quercus will welcome testimony from members of the retail trade, whether serious or facetious; indeed, he would gladly know what titles give the bookseller greatest satisfaction to sell. ☞There should be a large and expectant public waiting for the *Novels and Plays of Saki*, now complete in one volume (Viking, $3.00) for the one-volume *Stories of Saki* has made an unguessably large number of friends. ☞Doubledays look forward, and with justice, to a fine success for Tarkington's new novel, *Presenting Lily Mars*—a suavely humorous story of artistic temperament. In this book Tark returns to the theatrical scene, and no one knows its overtones better than he. He sketches the devastating effect upon a touring company of a young girl egotist who is taken on as a green ingenue and ends by. . . . No, it isn't fair to give away the climax. ☞The pleasantest shocker to Quercus lately was *The Mummy Case Mystery*, laid in the rich Wiccamical (or do you prefer Wykehamist?) setting of "Beaufort College," Oxford—which is not entirely unlike New College, or Coll. B. V. M. Winton apud Oxon., to give it its correct style.

⁂ ⁂

☞Frances Steloff, at the Gotham Book Mart, West 47 Street, has had a brisk notion. Finding that some of the book-epicures who frequent the Mart's back garden had used the backside of her barn-stockroom for scribbled curiosa, she has posted a Behind the Barn bulletin board which can serve as a depot-exchange for clippings, memoranda, or rhymed oddities which are worth connoisseuring currency but usually a trifle too spirited for public print. ☞A new resource on our well-loved and always amusing West 45th Street is the American Bar Equipment Co., which in its showroom about 3.2 perches west of 6th Avenue shows all kinds of bars and saloonery and fixtures all ready to install Old Quercus salutes these newcomers with a 45th Street *waes hael*.

☞The Phœnician Himself—in person; not a picture—writes that in a warm parenthesis of July he paid a visit to what must be the birthplace of Old Quercus. "At least," he says, "there are no less than four tablets put up to him, with his name on each. The locus is unco—The Union News Company's combination soda fountain and lunch counter toward the Lexington Avenue end of the Grand Central Station. Anyone gulping a chocolate malted or wolfing a ham-on-rye can let his eyes drift over those imitation bronze tablets each crowned by a semi-circular and shell-like lamp-shade. "Parvis E Glandibus Quercus!" cry the oak trees with all their acorns agog. Agog and Magog!"

☞Phœnix continues in his cuneiform script:—"Speaking of those active Hop Lite Ladies—Oh Miss Lou!—the tottery old Phœnician noticed one just ensconced this morning at the North Gate of Gramercy Park as you turn into Lexington Avenue. Her book stand was blue, her dress was blue, and the splash of coerulean color shone across the street. The at-death's-door Phœnician suggests that several Hoplite ladies—have they anything to do with the ancient Egyptian infantry?—set up shop outside the doors of the Players Club and of the National Tarts—Pardon, Arts Club. Those Players need a good book or two to take their minds off'n kelly pool."

⁂ ⁂

☞Quercus likes the pamphlet describing the aims and activities of the Stone City (Iowa) Art School, where Grant Wood and other talented workers have a summer settlement. "A national expression cannot be isolated in a few tourist-ridden localities or metropolitan centers. It must take group form from the more genuine and less spectacular regions."

☞Quercus always enjoyed Grant Wood's painting giving a view of Stone City. The town is 26 miles from Cedar Rapids, "it enjoys perfect seclusion in the cool and sheltered valley of the Wapsipinicon River" (known locally by the affectionate nickname the Wapsie). "Back in the 80's, Stone City was a flourishing community. The bluffs above the Wapsie are of a fine grade of limestone then in great demand. . . . The turn of the century, with the introduction of Portland cement, brought blight upon the community and Stone City settled down in its sheltered valley to the oblivion of rural life." ☞The headquarters of the Art

STONE CITY, IOWA. BY GRANT WOOD

Colony is an imposing old stone mansion built in the solid mausoleum style of the 80's. The school keeps from June 27 to August 22. Tuition for two weks is $15. Dormitory, $1.50 per week. Board, $8.50 per wek.—Old Quercus, lover of rivers and warm days under sycamore trees, sends his howdies to the Wapsie which deserves rank among the world's most honored streams. The folder of the Stone City Colony is an Item of genuine Americana.

⁂ ⁂

☞Longmans, Green & Co. have some first-rate books on their autumn list; one in which the trade will have lively interest is Eva Le Gallienne's autobiography, *At 33*. One of Miss Le Gallienne's memories is her eagerness, at the age of 12, to read Sarah Bernhardt's autobiography. As she could not afford to buy it, the child borrowed the book and copied it out by hand. ☞Morrow and Company have handled *The Arches of the Years* with much skill, and now report a 5th printing of that very agreeable book. ☞W. S. Hall, now associated with Henry M. Snyder, 500 Fifth Avenue, distributor of American books in the Orient, reports that Mr. Snyder's orders now coming in from Hawaii show that the business improvement has reached those halcyon islands. Mr. Hall urges all publishers to let him know promptly of forthcoming books likely to be of special interest in China, Japan, Philippines, and Hawaii, for inclusion in their new Book Bulletin for the Oriental Trade. ☞The special hobby of William Schwab of the Putnam Bookstore is firearms, of which he has a large collection; he prepares all his own ammunition for ballistic accuracy and is an expert pistol shot; which is undoubtedly why practically no booklifting has been done at Putnam's since Magel and Schwab took charge. ☞Also Mr. Noble Cathcart of this *Review* is no mean finger on a trigger; when depressed by midsummer doldrums his favored relaxation is to go to the shooting galleries on Sixth Avenue and shoot out six lighted candles in a row.

⁂ ⁂

☞Thrilling little news-reels of biography flash up on the screen of the book trade. Quercus asked about Paul Galdone, whose talented work in the Doubleday Doran art department has often caught his eye. This is what he learned:—

☞PAUL GALDONE, born Budapest 1907, came to New York 1921. Worked as electrician's helper, furrier, waiter, errand boy, while attending Art Students' League at night. Studied with George Grosz last winter. Walked past 244 Madison Avenue one day and was hired by Critchell Rimington who was then with Doubleday. Galdone has been general handy man in Doubleday art department ever since. Has done displays as large as 18 feet long.

☞Old Quercus welcomes authentic 75-word biographies of persons in the trade whose experience or achievement may bring suggestions to the rest of us.

Are you missing

ONE of the GREATEST TREATS of the YEAR

in a book?

YOU remember Hugh Walpole's *A Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*. He is a master of the macabre. He also writes a tender and curiously unforgettable kind of romance.

¶ Perhaps it is the blending of these two moods which, in his new book ALL SOULS' NIGHT, is giving pleasure to so many readers. Already the book has run into a second large printing.

¶ For there is "diversified entertainment in these 16 tales," writes the critic of the Topeka *Capital*, "which run the gamut of horror, ghosts, romance, and life."

¶ THE SILVER MASK, says Margaret Wallace in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "is certainly one of the best of the lot, describing the strange circumstances surrounding the death of Miss Sonia Herries." On the other hand, Charles Hanson Towne recommends that you "turn to SPANISH DUSK, and get a beautiful romantic story, full of color and warmth, with the hot sunshine dripping down over every paragraph."

¶ The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* notes that Mr. Walpole has here collected sterling stories that "for eerie and macabre qualities touch upon the 'Gothic romances.'"

¶ For instance, just read SEASHORE MACABRE, in which a young boy follows a strange old man to a vision of death; or THE OLDEST TALLAND, a greedy old lady is defeated by kindness; or THE LITTLE GHOST, a story of affection for a friend, reminiscent of Walpole's classic, *The Golden Scarecrow;* or MRS. LUNT, a specter in an old Cornwall house.

¶ Whatever your taste, don't miss ALL SOULS' NIGHT. You will find it the book of a great author, in a mood of rare versatility, at his readable best.

HUGH WALPOLE

ALL SOULS' NIGHT

$2.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

N. Y. TIMES calls this novel
"Brilliantly successful"
What every married couple knows

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE

By Elizabeth Cambridge
$2.00 PUTNAM'S

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

At this season we receive hundreds of requests for changes of address. We know you don't want to miss a single issue of *The Saturday Review*—so if you are vacationing or moving, please let us know your new address as far in advance as possible.

CIRCULATION DEPT.
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45 St., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED